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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1925

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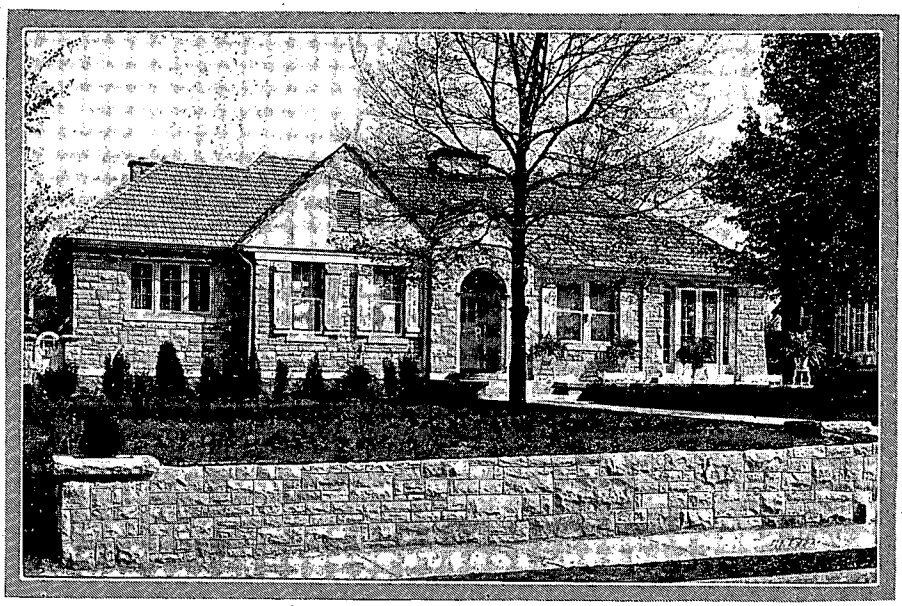

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

THE *Living Age* this month is peculiarly rich in contributors who require no identification or introduction. **Tolstoi** and **Conrad,** giants of another generation, **Clemenceau** and **Tagore,** still happily among us, are names to conjure with but not to explain.

Living in retirement in his beloved Vendée, the war Prime Minister of France still casts a humorous eye upon the world which he once helped to sway, while the Bengali mystic turns away from making verses to describe the school which he founded and which lies at least as close to his heart as does his poetry.

Pierre Vignes is a Paris journalist of radical leanings. No journalist has much reverence in his composition, and a Parisian journalist has less than any other — which fact accounts for the malicious spice in his description of the Immortals. **Colin Ross** is a Berlin journalist, novelist, and travel-writer, with a special interest in industry and its problems. Among his books are two on the iron industry, one on the Balkan War, and one on South America. Since the war he has toured America, Russia, and parts of Asia, writing for the German press and preparing his most recent book, which deals with the Far East. Readers of the *Living Age* have long been familiar with his work.

Léon Thévenin is a French novelist who first attracted attention by the poetic charm of a novel published twenty-five years ago, with the somewhat banal title, *Le Jardin des roses*. He has since published *Les Dieux d'argile*, *Un Libérateur*, *Laurence Bontemps*, and *Le retour d'Ariel*, besides numerous studies on manuscripts, typography, bookbinding, and contemporary painting. His familiarity with Rumanian life, which appears in his present article, is due to service on a French official mission in that country. As might be guessed from his subject, M. Thévenin is an earnest advocate of a reconciliation between the Greek and Roman Churches.

The Director of the British Museum, **Sir Frederic Kenyon,** who visited this country two years ago, is one of the foremost English scholars, the list of whose degrees, orders, and similar honors covers a solid two inches in the British *Who's Who*. The son of an Oxford professor, a Territorial officer with a war record, his intellectual interests range from the Greek papyri, on which he is an acknowledged authority, to Biblical criticism and the Brownings. Dean West of Princeton once described him thus: 'Personally he is slender and a little over medium height, quiet, attentive, and quick in manner. He has remarkable power of putting things in a clear, direct manner. He is very kindly and modest, and at the same time impresses one with the fact that he has, not only profound scholarly power, but also that quiet reserved power which marks men of the highest administrative ability.' Sir Frederic's great-grandfather, the first Lord Kenyon, was Lord Chief Justice of England. **Egon Erwin Kisch** is a Berliner, author of numerous novels, essays, and an anthology of classical journalism. His study of the North Sea fishermen is something of a divagation from his usual literary interests.

Though described by Georg Brandes as the foremost Danish writer of fiction now alive, **Otto Rung** is not so well known outside his own country as he might be. Of his seventeen novels, *Shadows That Pass*, a translation of which was published in 1924, is the only one that has appeared in English. Herr Rung is a lawyer who for the last six years has been 'Protocol Secretary' of the Danish Supreme Court. Most of his writing is based on his experience as a criminal lawyer, which obviously contributed to the writing of 'The Light-Fingered Philanthropist.' He is a close student of Jack London and Edgar Lee Masters — and he has translated Poe's poems into Danish! **Major B. R. M. Glossop** is an English soldier, sportsman, and traveler.

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OCTOBER EVENTS ABROAD

AUSTRIA

Innsbruck. Sample Fair.

FRANCE

Paris. International Exhibition of Decorative and Industrial Arts (April–October); Motor Show (October).

Digne. Perfumery Exhibition.

Faouet. Pardon (October 4).

Irvillac. Pardon and wrestling (October 18).

Lille. Glorious Week of Lille (October 11–16).

Plougastel-Daoulas. Fire Pardon (October 4).

Ste. Marie de la Mer. Religious and provincial fête (October 24–26).

GERMANY

Berlin. Traffic Exhibition (September–October).

Frankfort on the Main. Second Fair (October 4–10).

Karlsruhe. Fall Week, closing with Southwest German Heimattag (September–October). Centennial of Technische Hochschule.

Munich. German Automobile Exhibit (June–October).

GREAT BRITAIN

London. Medical Exhibition (October); Austrian Arts and Industries Exhibition (May–October); British Empire Exhibition (May–October); Automobile Exhibition (October 9–17); International Show and Leather Fair, Agricultural Hall (October 5–9); St. Edward's Day Pilgrimage to Westminster Abbey (October 13); Trafalgar Day and decoration of the Nelson Monument (October 21).

Races. Jockey Club Stakes, Newmarket (October 1); Duke of York's Handicap, Kempton Park (October 10); Cesarevich, Newmarket (October 14); Middle Park Stakes, Newmarket (October 16); Cambridgeshire, Newmarket (October 28).

ITALY

Milan. Jockey Club Prize (100,000 lire); Simplon Prize (100,000 lire).

JAPAN

Tokyo. State festival of Kanname Sai (Harvest Thanksgiving Day) (October 17); State ceremony of Tenchosetsu Shukujistu. Banquet on His Majesty the Emperor's Birthday (October 31).

PLACED

The following are the correct identifications of the cartoons appearing in our August first issue. How many did you get right?

1. Winston Churchill.
2. G. K. Chesterton.
3. David Lloyd George.
4. Stanley Baldwin.
5. Max Beerbohm.
6. Thomas Hardy.
7. President von Hindenburg.
8. Benito Mussolini.
9. General Ludendorff.
10. Leon Trotskii.
11. Ramsay MacDonald.
12. Edouard Herriot.
13. King Victor Emmanuel of Italy.
14. King Alfonso of Spain.
15. Rudyard Kipling.

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THE LIVING AGE

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THIS WEEK

As long as the French Academy remains under its present management and allows men like *M. Pierre Vignes* to tell tales out of school, we shall not have to read Anatole France, learn his absurd language, or even observe the table manners of his countrymen, to realize that France is the most ridiculous country in the world — our own not excepted. But we shall always be delighted to hear from ancient Academicians, like *Georges Clemenceau*, on those rare occasions when they have been cheated out of some fifteen or twenty cents. The old Tiger tells how he bought a pair of spectacles from the kind of man who would in this country be asking you to subscribe to the *Living Age* and the *Police Gazette* to help him pay his way through Purdue.

❦ ❦ ❦

Though *Léon Thévenin* is not one of the Forty Immortals, we have admitted him to our pages just the same. He discusses with a Rumanian priest some of the differences between the Roman Catholic Church and the Greek Orthodox. To this heretical department it seems that the Rumanian had slightly the longer end of the dispute, but if Al Smith is going to make an issue of it and sick the Glasgow Zouaves, described by *J. Gibbons*, on us, we are perfectly willing to listen to reason.

❦ ❦ ❦

In our three contributions from the Orient, we poor Westerners — at least those of us who are not Theosophists — come in for our usual dose of mystical abuse. *Dr. Colin Ross* interviewed an English journalist who believes that the British Empire, in pursuance of its traditional policy of mercy, should let India go free and achieve her own destiny, or words to that effect. Of what that destiny might be, *Rabindranath Tagore* gives us some inkling. He runs a school where there is no discipline and no organized instruction. The pupils run about as they please, using their own little eyes and their own little brains, untroubled by information and advice from their dunderheaded elders. In our third article, *Frederick W. Gookin* tells what the Oriental artist sees. What a comfort it is to know, after all these years, what those Japanese screens represent.

❦ ❦ ❦

There is no answer to *Sir Frederic G. Kenyon's* contention that the Classics are worth while because they pay. He bases his conclusions on the researches made by Dean West of Princeton. Until recent years, the members of New Jersey's most exclusive country club were compelled to learn Greek so that their curriculum might be more in harmony with their classical architecture. But it is now as obsolete there as it is at Cambridge and Oxford and we shall no doubt have to look elsewhere for our next crop of Wilsons.

❦ ❦ ❦

Joseph Conrad went on record as saying that the British novelist is at his best denouncing the institutions of his native country. Possibly it was his native Polish politeness that led him to attribute this peculiarity to the emotional sensitiveness of the writer and not to the dreariness of British life.

❦ ❦ ❦

There are two bits of adventurous experience in this issue. *Egon Erwin Kisch* was on a fishing-vessel that hauled up beer-bottles, shoes, steamer-chairs, hats, scarfs, wireless antennæ, and finally a dead man, from the waters of the North Sea. They also got a number of fish. *Major B. R. M. Glossop* went to Somali with a man named Ali, surnamed Borali, and any song-writer that wants to set those words to music is free to do so. The Major bagged a number of lions and heard some wild tales of jungle life. Like *Otto Rung's* story of the Light-Fingered Philanthropist, these yarns are without any moral whatsoever, which is hardly an excuse for boastfulness.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 326 — *SEPTEMBER 5, 1925* — NO. 4235

AROUND THE WORLD IN AUGUST

NOTWITHSTANDING war in Morocco, unrest in China, and the still pending security-pact negotiations, industrial and economic problems take precedence of political issues in public thought abroad.

Premier Baldwin's action in subsidizing coal operators in order to enable them to continue the present rate of wages has made political capital for the Liberals, and is beyond doubt unpopular with many of his Conservative supporters. Labor considers that it has won an epochal victory, marking a long step forward toward state socialism, in the recognition of the principle that the nation may be taxed to maintain the standard of living of the workers. But there is a plausible economic argument for the subsidy. A semiofficial estimate submitted in the House of Commons makes the cost of the coal strike five years ago, which lasted less than three weeks, equivalent to more than one billion dollars. It is not likely that the proposed subsidy will cost the nation more than a tithe of this amount. Nevertheless the subsidy precedent will hover in the shadow of every future labor controversy.

Nor is Labor likely to defer invoking this precedent. New industrial conflicts loom large on England's horizon. A wage dispute between the railway unions and their employers threatens to reach a climax this autumn, when the transportation workers will look for a requital of the help they have just given the miners. A lockout exists in the wool industry, where falling prices for raw materials and large stocks of yarn on hand make a shutdown not unwelcome to employers.

The London *Outlook* said in reference to the coal settlement: 'We have rarely seen men so stunned as were the Conservative majority last week when the details of a surrender were published,' and adds that Mr. Baldwin's followers 'are now recalling that he seems to specialize in surrender. The American Debt, the 1923 election, the Coal Subsidy — any one of these acts by itself is no doubt defensible, but together they make a formidable catalogue of surrenders.' Some Tories even drew bitter comparisons between the way their hated opponent, Lloyd George, faced and fought the coal strike of 1921 and the present unpalatable palliative.

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A significant aspect of the coal controversy was the evidence it evoked of a reluctant swing of public opinion toward nationalization. The Conservative *Saturday Review* remarked: 'If nationalization is to come, it is better that it should come through a Conservative government than through a Socialist; but even nationalization will not rehabilitate the industry. We urge it as a necessity, not as a panacea.' The *New Statesman*, which is more favorable to government in industry, argues: 'The possibilities of economy are enormous, but they can be realized only by uniformity. The Liberal policy of nationalizing the royalties would undoubtedly be a step in the right direction. . . . The solution — if there be one — will certainly involve some very drastic measures of expropriation.'

The present crisis, which is caused by a superabundance of coal, has rather paradoxically stimulated interest in ways of economizing that fuel. A combustion engineer writing in the *Spectator* estimates that Great Britain could save at least two hundred million pounds sterling per annum by centralizing her power plants and introducing practical and tested devices for low-temperature carbonization and recovering the by-products of combustion. Five large plants are now being erected in England to employ different processes for this purpose. Germany has evolved a grandiose scheme to make herself one of the chief oil-producing countries of the world, by a process patented in 1913 but greatly improved since then, which it is said converts eighty-five per cent of a coal containing five per cent of ash into liquid fuel on a commercial basis at low cost.

Coincident with the slow evolution of a security pact to unite Central and Western Europe in a league of peace, tension with Soviet Russia has increased. British opinion is alarmed by what is described as a systematic Soviet campaign against the Empire, and sensational rumors are whispered about an agreement between Moscow, Peking, and Tokyo looking toward the economic and military control of Asia. Most of these reports are probably unfounded or vastly exaggerated, but Russia undoubtedly views the security pact as a bourgeois alliance against herself and would like to defeat it.

The Labor *Daily Herald*, which has not forgiven Mr. Chamberlain for rejecting the Geneva Protocol, represents the pact negotiations as a bargaining for private advantages between France and Great Britain. 'France wants British support in dealing with the Riffis in Morocco and the Druses in Lebanon. Britain wants French support in China and in the tortuous diplomacy that will result from the report of the Mosul Commission.' In Europe, according to this journal, France is willing to trade her support of an aggressive British policy against Russia in return for Great Britain's approval of her claim to the right to transport troops through Germany to aid Poland. How far the actual trading was along these lines is not yet clear, but Conservatives as well as the Liberals and Laborists in Great Britain will not forgive Mr. Chamberlain if he has agreed to let France send military aid to Poland across Germany.

Rumor has it that the French Cabinet is not anxious to clinch the pact negotiations until after this month's meeting of the League Assembly. French Radicals and Socialists have not yet given up hope of reviving the Geneva Protocol, and M. Briand himself is said to cherish a preference for that solution; so France will not sacrifice that possibility even at this late date.

M. Caillaux has begun negotiating

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at London for a settlement of France's debt to Great Britain, and is said to contemplate visiting America within a few weeks on a similar mission. A remarkable change of sentiment — or tactics — has occurred of late in the debtor countries regarding their financial obligations to Great Britain and ourselves. Opinion now seems to be that, since these debts will have to be paid, there should be no further delay in arranging definite terms of settlement. The *New Statesman* greets this new attitude as a welcome step forward: 'It is something that we should be no longer treated to dissertations about the common cause, for everybody is aware that the winning of the war meant more for France than for England, and more for England than for America. Because England and America have done much — doubtless with mixed motives, partly selfish, partly unselfish — they are not therefore compelled to do more. It is only when these fallacies, which one has listened to with some impatience, are removed from the path, that we can consider in the spirit of generosity such a settlement as will be compatible with elementary notions of financial integrity. One cannot recite the creed of Portia while one is being depicted as Shylock.'

The London *Sunday Times*, discussing the French maximum offers at London, which were only a fraction of the minimum British demand, supposes that the Treasury, whose representative was bitterly attacked by the Paris press, has always been at loggerheads with the Foreign Office on this question. The watchdogs of the Treasury consider it their duty to defend the interest of British taxpayers and to get the full amount due them regardless of the irritation it may cause in the debtor country. The Foreign Office is inclined to sacrifice the interest of taxpayers at home in order to promote its diplomatic interests abroad. And British diplomatists, like some American volunteer Talleyrands in Europe, are accused of encouraging unfounded illusions in the debtor countries as to the concessions they will receive.

Belgium's debt to the United States was the occasion of a rather temperamental discussion in the Brussels Chamber last July. This was initiated by M. Hymans, who was Belgium's Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time the Versailles Treaty was drafted. His version of the negotiations that then took place will be printed in an early number of the *Living Age*. The action of the Belgian Government in recognizing the debt is thus defended by *L'Independance Belge:* 'The first justification, which is perhaps the best, is that we cannot do otherwise, because such recognition was demanded before we received the second installment of fifty million dollars on the Morgan loan. The second reason is that legally we owe this money. That does not mean that we may not point to the way the debt originated, especially the debt incurred during the war.' But, it argues, Belgium should be permitted to pay her debt in goods, as the debt itself was incurred in goods and not in money. *De Standaard*, a Flemish daily, commenting on the same subject, says: 'It has been called astonishing that Belgium is obliged to repay America for what that country furnished her civilian population during the war. Let us note first of all that France and Holland have taken the same position as the United States. Both those countries have sent us their bills for the cost of interning and feeding our refugees. England alone has not charged us a centime for such help.'

It will not be possible to say until next month just what success M. Caillaux will have with his gold loan. At

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present writing a strike of the bank clerks is somewhat hampering the routine operations of all financial institutions in France.

The German Government, having defeated the extremists on the Right in its security-note reply, has how defeated its opponents on the Left by pushing through a tariff measure levying high duties on food. The profound change of attitude toward the workingman even in Conservative German circles during the last ten or fifteen years is illustrated by the recent action of Bonn University, the ancient stronghold of academic aristocracy where the Kaiser and the Crown Prince were educated, in granting honorary degrees to Stegerwald and Mayer, leaders of the Catholic and the Socialist trade-unions, respectively. The latter is not only a radical Labor man, but a rather extreme sort of Socialist and a fervent partisan of the Republic. But both have been ardent champions of Germany's cause in the Occupied Territory.

The commercial sensation of the summer months in Germany has been the spectacular collapse of the Hugo Stinnes enterprises, which upset the stock market and cast an additional shadow over a rather gloomy business-season. The details of the tedious and complicated liquidation of the frozen assets of these multitudinous and more or less disconnected undertakings are of little general interest apart from the persistent rumor that Anglo-American capital has come to the — duly rewarded — rescue of some of the threatened companies.

Poland has at last enacted the agrarian law for which the peasants have been clamoring. It provides for the compulsory purchase and resale in small holdings of about four and a half million acres of land. Owners of land selected for subdivision have the option of direct voluntary sale in small parcels, if they prefer this to exchanging it for Government bonds. The number of peasants desiring farms is far greater than the amount of land that thus becomes available, and it is predicted that the present law will not end agrarian agitation. The decline of the new gold-secured Polish currency unit, the zloty, which fell to several points below par late in July, is the first serious setback to monetary reconstruction in Europe. This was due apparently to the impairment to the Bank of Poland's credit balances abroad, mostly in New York. The Polish Government has also reached an understanding with the Jews that is heralded in many quarters as a harbinger of better feeling among the minority races in that country, but is interpreted by cynics as a gesture to soften the hearts of international Jewish financiers.

Italy has had a test election that resulted favorably for Mussolini, in the voting for district councilors at Palermo, Signor Orlando's political stronghold. That veteran statesman has retired from public life in consequence. But the European press discounts such alleged expressions of public sentiment, on the ground that civic freedom has ceased to exist in Italy, where physical violence still seems to be regarded as the most effective form of political argument. The last incident of this sort was an attack on Signor Amendola, leader of the Democratic Opposition, as he was returning in a motor-car from a brief holiday — shortened to twenty-four hours by Fascisti threats — at a health resort in Tuscany.

At present writing Abd-el-Krim's forces are retiring, and what looked like rather insincere overtures for peace between the contending parties in Morocco have fallen through. Immediate military operations will be influenced

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by the weather, for the coming of the autumn rains will make the mountain strongholds of the Moors inaccessible. Meanwhile the rumored acquisition of the German mining-concessions in the Riff by American capitalists may put a new political complexion on the Morocco campaign.

The report of the Commission appointed by the League of Nations to delimit the boundary between Turkey and Irak has at length been published. It seems to satisfy nobody — such reports seldom do. Any boundary-line that could be drawn, the Commissioners observe, would perforce violate racial frontiers. Legally the disputed area, which is important because it includes part of the Mosul oil district, belongs to Turkey. Its traditions and economic institutions attach it to Irak. The sentiment of the people, so far as ascertained, seems to favor Irak rather than Turkey. An extension of Irak's mandate over the territories without prejudice to their ultimate disposition for a term of twenty-five years is suggested. The Liberal *Westminster Gazette* summarizes the report in a nutshell as follows: 'That Mosul should go to Irak provided the British mandate there is extended to twenty-five years. That Mosul should go to Turkey if it is agreed that Britain must leave Irak at the expiration of the four years' treaty, now in operation, which provides for self-government for Irak at the end of that time.'

Mr. Sen Gupta, the new Swarajist leader, made his first public utterance a defense of civil disobedience in India. This declaration may not be one hundred per cent sincere, but rather a tactical pronouncement, for rumor has it that negotiations looking toward cooperation are being conducted sub rosa between the Swarajists and the British authorities. *Navayuga*, an Indian Nationalist paper, quotes a passage from Lord Birkenhead's speech, at a dinner of the Central Asian Society in London, to the effect that England went to India centuries ago in order to compose 'with the sharp edge of the sword differences which would have submerged and destroyed Indian civilization,' and that England still rules there 'by that charter' because, were she to leave, 'India would again be submerged by the same anarchical and murderous disturbances as in the days of Clive,' as a text for the comment: 'We welcome the statement, for it declares to the world that India is being governed by the British sword and not by the willing consent of the Indian people.' It sees in this declaration an admission of the failure of British rule to advance India along the path of unity and self-government.

The rising tide of nationalism in China seems to have lent unanticipated strength to the Christian General Feng Yu-hsiang in his rivalry with Chang Tso-lin, who halted his journey to take possession of Peking and returned to Mukden. An unconfirmed rumor reporting Chang's death suggests that health considerations rather than a political emergency were the cause of his unexpected change of plans. In any case, the Christian General retains possession of Peking.

The British press in the Far East is indignant with Feng on account of his espousal of the Student Movement and denunciation of foreign imperialism, and accuses him of growing intimacy with the Bolsheviki. The Peking correspondent of the *North China Herald* writes: 'More and more Reds are to be seen in Kalgan, and a recent traveler says that the place will soon be another Urga . . . The Reds are trying to gain the same position behind the scenes that was reached with Sun Yat-sen in the few months before his death.' General Feng recently received

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a delegation of Japanese journalists and took the occasion to deliver a speech against the white nations. He announced his intention of sending representatives to Japan to enlist the sympathy of that country in China's present difficulties, declaring that two nations sprung from the same stock should share their glories and their failures. He expressed indignation at the British for their plan to establish a naval base at Singapore, and at the United States for its exclusion laws.

The Cabinet reorganization in Japan records a temporary realignment of politicians rather than a shifting of political opinion among the rank and file of the population. Two great commercial houses, Mitsui and Mitsubishi, are said to be provoking political conflicts by their rivalry. The Mitsubishi group supported the late Cabinet, whose opponents were recruited among the Imperial advisers and were led by Viscount Makino, chief of the Emperor's private cabinet.

Latin America has received a number of royal guests of late. Otherwise our sister republics are enjoying a period of relative tranquillity. Both Argentina and Chile are mildly exercised over the political status of the Church. The new constitution which is being drafted for presentation to the people of Chile definitely separates Church and State. This means that the Catholic Church will be deprived of future budget-allowances; but it will retain control of the Church property it holds at present, and its property will be exempt from taxation.

Labor discords alleged to have a Communist color and reaching the proportions of a local insurrection have occurred in Northern Chile. The nitrate industry there is in a bad way. During the war several countries, Germany in particular, provided themselves with facilities for manufacturing their own nitrates on a scale that now renders them largely independent of South American supplies. Since 1913 the proportion of the world's annual nitrate consumption supplied by Chile has declined from fifty-five per cent to thirty-two per cent.

THE ETERNAL DEBT QUESTION

FRANCE AND ITALY. Why are you so hard on us, Uncle Sam?

UNCLE SAM. So I can help you again next time.

— *La Sera*, Milan

THE AMERICAN RIFLE TEAM IN SWITZERLAND

'So, Comrade, let 's try again.'

— *Nebelspalter*, Zurich

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A TALEBEARER AMONG THE IMMORTALS[1]

IN THE LOBBIES OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

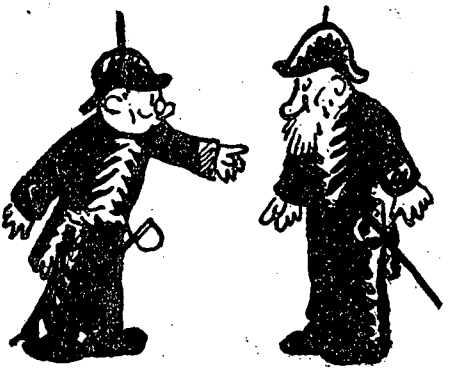
BY PIERRE VIGNES

Most people know little or nothing about the inside of the Academy. Seldom does the public see more of the building that shelters our Immortals than the domed hall where each section holds its annual public meetings and academic receptions. This hall is in a way the façade of immortality, to such an extent that it is often identified with the whole Palais Mazarin, where the five sections of the Institute of France have held their sessions for nearly a century and a quarter.

It is under the Dome that one sees our Immortals on parade. That is where they usually appear in their green uniforms, where their imposing learning is displayed, where their wits scintillate, and where they are wont to give each other a thrust now and then for the pleasure of the galleries.

But only once or twice a year are the members thus on exhibition. Rarely does the outer world see them in the humdrum routine of their Academic existence, without their green palms, their swords, and their crescent hats. And yet they are, perhaps, even funnier in private than in public.

No matter what the section to which they belong, they all seem cast from the same mould. They are invariably — I do not know of a single exception — enemies of innovation, clarity, and light. The moment you enter the structures that cluster under the shadow of the Dome where the Immortals live out their dull lives you scent the atmosphere of a mausoleum. You feel that you are in a necropolis when you behold the crowded dusty marble or bronze busts of ancient Academicians gazing at you there with an expression of ennui and disenchantment.



'Their green palms, their swords, and their crescent hats.'

Everything seems to belong to another age — the asthmatic elevator that takes minutes to reach the next floor; the soiled carpet-runners that cover the shabbily waxed wooden stairs; the windows whose panes have never been washed; the ceilings where cobwebs have gathered undisturbed since the reign of Louis Philippe; the green covers on the tables of the committee rooms that, with traditional economy, have been turned; the roomy armchairs whose stuffing peers out through their ragged upholstery; the window-shades that forgot their original color full fifty years ago.

[1] From *Le Progrès Civique* (Paris Radical weekly), *July* 25

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Yes, the very building is a stern, uncompromising stronghold of tradition. It remains precisely what it was when it was rebuilt and enlarged a century or more back, except that recently a central-heating plant and electric lights have been put in. And this fortress of ancient habits is tenanted by a tribe of Immortals who do not know what progress is, who distrust and deride novelty, who despise comfort, and who are blind to cleanliness and sanitation. In fact, there are obscure corners and closets that, judged by our modern standards, are a disgrace to civilization.

And the Institute is as out of date in its administration as it is in its accommodations. You doubtless imagine that the cashier of the Academy at least possesses a safe. A safe? Scandal! Altogether too modern! The bank notes and currency brought at the end of each month to pay the allowances and attendance fees at the Palais Mazarin are nicely stowed away in an old cupboard closed with an antediluvian lock. Observe this old egg-basket, with its handle polished by long usage. When it has finished its career it should find a worthy place in the museum of the Institute, which some of the Immortals are trying to establish. That old basket is used to carry the money to pay the monthly allowances of the members from the cashier's office to the meeting-hall. Each member's quota is enclosed in an envelope upon which is written the name of the Immortal and the sum due him. These envelopes are made up in bunches held together with a rubber band, or usually tied with a piece of string.

The meeting-hall of the Academy of Sciences has such bad acoustics that it is almost impossible to understand the speaker. This is rendered still more difficult by the hum of private conversation that invariably fills the room when a member reads a paper. One day this babel of voices rose so high that an indignant speaker compared the meeting to a noisy fish-market. He proposed that loud speakers be installed as the only means of getting a hearing in such a disorderly place.

His proposal had the reception that it merited. The members protested: 'Did our Aragos, our Leverriers, our Berthelots, our Curies, our Branlies, use loud speakers?' And the proposal of the frivolous Immortal was promptly and decisively voted down.

Members of the Academy, whatever the class to which they belong, wear the famous green uniform when on public exhibition. That uniform has not changed since it was designed by the painter David a century and a quarter ago. They appear with their crescent hats on their heads and their swords girdled at their sides. The sword is, of course, a perfectly useless decoration. It is never drawn from its scabbard. Anatole France once mischievously moved that it be placed on the retired list.

Still, there are sections of the Institute that have the barest suspicion of a taste for innovation. These contain so-called 'Free Members,' foreign associate members, and corresponding members. Certain of these, like the Beaux Arts and the Scientific sections, have even betrayed some feminist sympathies — a weakness of which the men who created the Institute surely never dreamed. The Beaux Arts section has even elected one lady a corresponding member; but she is a queen — the Queen of Rumania. Some thirty years ago the antifeminists won a victory in the scientific section by a single vote. Madame Curie was not admitted under the Dome; she was beaten by the father of wireless telegraphy, Dr. Branly.

Since this famous defeat the ladies have had no champions in that section. For that matter, no candidates of their

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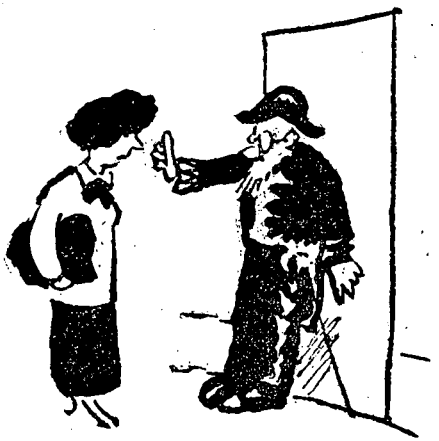
sex have been put in nomination. Nevertheless, this sudden feminist attack shook an ancient stronghold of tradition like the French Academy to its very foundation. Even to-day the members are so terrified lest a woman invade their sacred precincts that any letter suggesting a lady candidate is sternly thrown in the waste-paper basket without even the name presented being revealed.



'Madame Curie was not admitted under the Dome.'

When the Academy crowns an authoress, it does so in a reluctant and left-handed way. It even resorts to the device, adopted a few years ago in the case of Countess Mathieu de Noailles, of avoiding mentioning the laureate by name. The Permanent Secretary at that time, Frédéric Masson, had to resort to paraphrases in mentioning the work of the poetess.

The French Academy is antifeminist because it clings fast to every ancient usage. It is to-day precisely what it was in the time of Cardinal Richelieu. Its members have always numbered forty. Their presiding officer is not a president assisted by a vice-president elected annually, as in case of the other sections, but a director assisted by a chancellor, each of whom holds office just three months.

In spite of the changes in the times and the rising cost of living, the members receive the same modest monthly allowance and attendance fees they always did. The eight elected deans are given one hundred and seventeen francs a month, the others eighty-three francs. All the members present share equally the attendance fee, which is two hundred francs a season. Any member's share cannot be less than five francs. But there are months — particularly in the dog days — when each share reaches fifty or sixty francs. In other words, the fewer present, the more each one gets.

Some of our Immortals are not wealthy men, others are very rich, but all pocket with obvious pleasure this meagre emolument. President Deschanel, who was a member of the Academy, used to say when he received his monthly stipend: 'Ah, this is for my little fling.' And another president, Raymond Poincaré, when he lived at the Élysée Palace — where he never chased after forty sous — scrupulously collected his little allowance every month. They sent it to him by a special messenger. He signed the receipt, pocketed the money — and forgot to tip the messenger.

On the other hand, an eminent French statesman who is now living in retirement, although elected, has never formally presented himself to the Academy. M. Georges Clemenceau has steadily refused, ever since his election in 1918, the fee due him as an Immortal.

'Why,' he always says when asked, 'should I take money I have not earned? I don't want to go and sit there under the Dome. Let my pay go back to the treasury.' And he has never wavered from that decision.

So our Immortals receive upon an average the miserly honorarium of one hundred and fifty or two hundred francs

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a month. Nevertheless, the French Academy enjoys in our country, and above all abroad, a prestige that rallies an imposing following to the candidates presented at each election.

Yet how tortuous, laborious, wearisome, is the road that leads to the Dome! How many pitfalls must be evaded, how many obstacles surmounted! Unhappy, thrice unhappy, the poor aspirant for Immortality. Many would renounce their ambition quickly enough if they realized for a single moment what they were bringing upon themselves. An inflexible custom as old as Richelieu makes it obligatory for each aspirant to call upon all the electors, the existing Immortals, at their homes. He must scour Paris from end to end, climb innumerable staircases, make his little speech, and then hear the answer: 'I've already promised my vote,' or 'I'll see,' or, perhaps, 'My dear fellow, you have my support.'

Distrust the last statement most of all. For nothing is more deceptive than the promise of an Academician. I know candidates who have taken the words of the Immortals at their face value, and have been perfectly confident that they would have at least twenty-four votes, who have received only one or two when the balloting took place. In fact, the French Academy is ruled by coteries and nepotism. That too is an Immortal tradition.

As early as the seventeenth century, when only a few years old, *l'Illustre Compagnie* was already the plaything of favoritism and intrigue. To-day, as yesterday, there is a party of dukes and bishops on one side and a group of Radicals on the other. They hate each other bitterly. That was illustrated not long ago in electing a successor to Jean Aicard. Through ten ballots M. Madelin, the candidate of the Right, and Abel Hermant, the candidate of the Left, were furiously battled over, with the result that both adversaries, in default of a victory, were left defeated upon the field of battle. And our gentle Southern poet would probably not even now have had a successor under the Dome if the antagonists had not patched up an armistice last year and elected an outsider, M. Camille Jullian.

But divergencies of opinion are not the only sources of difference among our Academicians. Albeit they are Immortals, they are still ordinary human beings and are actuated by personal passions. We have striking examples of that fact to-day. MM. Paléologue and Léon Bérard will have to wait a long time before donning, as they dream of doing, the green uniform. M. Paléologue is the victim of his former diplomatic colleague, M. Jules Cambon, who has never forgiven him for supplanting him, during the Millerand Ministry, as Secretary General of the Foreign Office. Consequently M. Paléologue, who a few months ago had been very properly beaten by Henri Robert, was thoroughly trounced at the time M. Albert Bernard was elected. He tailed the poll with only two or three votes. M. Jules Cambon had sworn his destruction, and tells everybody that as long as he himself is in this world of mortals M. Paléologue shall not cross the threshold of the Immortals.

Political rivalry likewise explains the opposition of M. L. Barthou to M. L. Bérard. The former Premier and the former Minister represent the same department in Parliament; and the influence of the second gentleman in the Chamber inspires a lively sentiment of jealousy in the bosom of the former. Consequently the Immortal is scattering all sorts of obstacles along the path of the aspirant for immortality. He has sworn that the famous author of the *Décrets* shall never occupy the seat of Anatole France.

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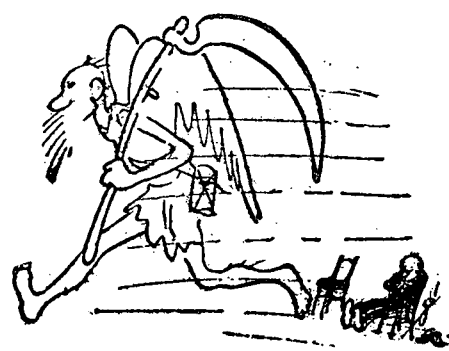
I could cite from my personal knowledge many more instances like these, which illustrate strikingly the seamy side of the Academy's history. But it is not the fault of the Company if some of its foibles get into the public spotlight. No other similar body affects such absolute secrecy in its proceedings. Everything is done under the seal of confidence. Nothing is supposed to leak out. All these intrigues are understood to be kept under cover, where even the keenest-scented journalist can never catch a whiff of them. Shut up in a session hall completely closed to communication, even from the other rooms of the Academy building, the Immortals conduct their affairs apparently secure from outside observation. But sometimes a bomb explodes that shocks their equanimity. What they imagine has been kept an inscrutable mystery is suddenly discovered to be public property.

Possibly the reader will remember an incident, widely heralded in the newspapers at the time, that occurred immediately after the election of M. Jonnart. A facsimile of the ballots appeared in the press containing the name of our journalistic colleague, Charles Maurras, who had been defeated. That created a fine scandal in the bosom of the Illustrious Company. The police were called in. An inquiry was made into an alleged theft of documents. The attendants were cross-questioned without result.

Thereupon the members took a radical decision. It was decided that the ballots should be burned at the conclusion of each polling and that the members should be put on their honor to keep their mouths shut. M. René Doumic, who is a stern executive as well as an amiable Permanent Secretary, threatened with the severest penalties any colleague who told tales out of school.

But I must end my story. What I have said of the French Academy applies to the other Companies. In their case also the same rivalries, the same nepotism, the same trafficking of influence and votes, occurs. The virus of politics has not spared the Institute. Surely if there is any place that should be immune to the infection, it is the Academy of Sciences. Yet did we not see a savant elected in 1921 because he happened at that moment to hold a Cabinet portfolio? He was preferred over another scientist, a true one, who was an eminent botanist. He won easily, while his competitor had to be thankful for being relegated to the list of future candidates.

But, after all, 'Immortals' is only a name. They belong, like the rest of us, to the vulgar human herd. They have our faults and our virtues, our passions and our interests. In other words, the lobbies of the Academy are but a tiny cross-section of human life.



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WHEN EAST IS WEST[1]

BY DOCTOR COLIN ROSS

My first introduction to the social problem of English India came through my chance acquaintanceship with an Anglo-Indian journalist whose name I shall sufficiently disguise by calling him Pat Swanson.

My attention was called to Swanson by an article in the *Malay Observer* upon the hawker question. This was a subject that monopolized public attention in Singapore just then. These hawkers are Chinese food-sellers or itinerant restaurant-men. A hawker carries at either end of a long flexible bamboo pole swung over one shoulder his whole establishment — cookstove, cold foods, hot foods, and dishes. A charcoal fire burns in the clay stove in one bamboo basket, over which all sorts of mysterious mixtures sizzle in a single frying-pan. The other basket contains cold food or raw provisions, condiments, and the like. You see these hawkers everywhere, trotting down the streets, the bamboo pole with its heavy burden on either end bobbing rhythmically up and down in time with their springy steps. They are patronized by stevedores, porters, and most manual workers, and also by petty tradesmen and low-paid clerks.

About the time I arrived in Singapore the authorities had decided to suppress the hawkers, for sanitary reasons. This decision had provoked a storm of protest, not only from the hawkers themselves, but also from the whole Chinese, Malay, Singhalese, and Tamil population.

The article that had attracted my attention in the *Malay Observer* admitted that the decision of the authorities was doubtless to be approved on sanitary grounds. No one could deny that the preparation of food in the midst of the dust and dirt of the public streets was exceedingly unsanitary and a possible source of infection. But in carrying out a purpose laudable in itself the authorities were not only taking their daily bread out of the mouths of several hundreds or thousands of hawkers, but they were depriving tens of thousands of coolies of the only opportunity they had to get warm food — or, for that matter, any kind of food whatever. It was all right to be concerned for the health of the poorer classes, but that concern should manifest itself with an intelligent appreciation of the way the lower classes lived. The people who ride in rickshas and hire porters have n't the slightest conception of, or for that matter the slightest interest in, the manner of life of the coolies who pull their rickshas and carry their burdens.

This article was signed by the editor-in-chief of the *Observer*, Pat Swanson. As soon as I read it I took a ricksha and went down to his office. My conversation with Mr. Swanson was longer than an ordinary editorial interview. After we had talked perhaps a couple of hours we went out to tiffin together. After that, at his urgent wish, I went back with him to his office and then went home with him to tea.

There are men whom under favorable circumstances we learn to know and

[1] From *Die Glocke* (Berlin Conservative-Socialist weekly), *July* 18

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to like immediately. Mr. Swanson was that sort. Apparently he was full to overflowing of a subject that he simply had to talk about to somebody. I soon learned that he was a Socialist, that he had spent a large part of the war period in prison because he would not cease pacifist propaganda, and that on all Indian questions he was a great sympathizer with the natives. Immediately after the Armistice he had become editor of the *Malay Observer*, and since then had been the only Englishman or European on the paper. When he took me through his establishment, from the editorial office to the pressroom, this was duly impressed upon me. The compositors were colored men, either Malays, Indians, or Chinese. The pressmen, the clerks in the business office, the assistant editors, and last of all the proprietors, were all Asiatics. The *Malay Observer* belongs to a Chinaman and a Malay. I knew already that there were Malay, Tamil, and Chinese newspapers in Singapore, but I was surprised to find a paper in the English language and published for English readers that was owned and conducted by natives. Swanson himself was the first example I ever met in India of that unique personality, a European working for and taking orders from colored men.

It is immaterial that such a relationship is still very rare. The point is that it can exist. And it impressed me as a most significant symptom — one must know the country to realize how significant — that the old relationship between white and colored, between the master by virtue of race and the servant by virtue of race, is no longer absolutely universal in the East.

A person must be absolutely blind to what is occurring in the world if he fails to see that the next, or nearly the next, great problem for Europe and America is this question of race relations. I do not mean that the decline of the Occident is as imminent as timid people fear; a man cannot be thoroughly familiar with the Orient without appreciating how incomparably the West outdistances the East in energy and initiative. These qualities of energy and self-assertion together with their command of science and engineering should have assured the whites supremacy for at least a century, if the Great War had not hopelessly shattered their prestige in the minds of the colored peoples.

But this brings us to another phase of the question. Every combat is won or lost first in the hearts of men, and later upon the battlefield. That we two Europeans could sit together in Singapore and discuss in the mood that we did the future relations of the white and the colored races, and that an Englishman in India could confide in a foreigner his doubt as to the permanence and the justness of the present English rule in India, were deeply significant facts. At the time when Sir Stamford Raffles raised the British flag over Singapore there were certainly no Englishmen who cherished such doubts as these. At the time when Cortes and Pizarro with their little bands of white followers conquered great empires and destroyed ancient civilizations it never occurred to one of these adventurers that slaughtering and subduing Indians was aught else than a meritorious act for which Heaven would reward him. But to-day the white nations have lost in large measure unshaken faith in their God-given right to oppress the colored races, and consequently they can no longer employ whole-heartedly the brutality that is indispensable for maintaining their rule over millions of dependent people.

'You see,' said Pat as his young wife poured the tea, 'I do not believe that a bloody settlement of the race issue is

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inevitable. For six years I have been working continuously and exclusively with the natives, as a subordinate, as an equal, and as a superior, and we have had no friction.'

He drew from his pocket a letter and a check for five hundred Straits dollars and showed them to me. 'That is a little token of recognition from the paper's owners at the end of my six years' service this month. In the next room is a new typewriter that the editorial and mechanical staff presented me on the same occasion. To be sure, I have never shown any race prejudice; I have treated everyone, Chinese, Malay, or Indian, exactly alike.'

'Yes,' I said a little hesitantly, 'I believe that; and I have noticed everywhere in the Orient how far a kind word and a smile will take a man. But tremendous material interests depend on any political or economic settlement with Asia. Will it be possible to dispose of such grave questions without a fight?'

'It must be done without a fight.' Swanson spoke with such energy that his pale face flushed scarlet. 'It must be done without a fight in our own interest, for otherwise Europe will eventually lose. I do not believe that any Englishman serves well the interests of his country in opposing the movement for autonomy in our colored colonies. That is the way we lost our colonies in America. We have kept Canada, Australia, and South Africa only because we changed our policy toward them in time.

'Don't fall into the error of assuming that because white colonists are involved in one case and colored natives in the other the situation is at all different. That is not the distinguishing factor. The essential thing is that a colony shall have a large enough body of intelligent men of any race with Western ideas and education. Such men, no matter what their color, will find foreign rule humiliating and oppressive. Their very instinct for survival will force them to insist upon enlarged autonomy. Every widening of the sphere of self-government means more opportunity for natives of ability and education; and it is only human for those natives who have already attained the highest position within their reach to struggle eagerly and resolutely for still higher posts. We see that even here in Farther India, which hitherto has made fewer difficulties for the English administration than Bengal and India proper, where the number of natives with Occidental ideas and training is so much larger.'

I nodded, and recalled that only yesterday I had witnessed a great demonstration of Eurasians demanding admission to the civil service of the Straits Government. This memory made me glance involuntarily at Mrs. Swanson, who was listening in silence to our conversation. She was born in the East and her mother was Colonial English. Did that explain the pale-olive tint of her skin and the deep blue-black of her hair? Or was there perhaps a drop of Indian or Malay blood in her veins?

'We 'll not master these difficulties,' continued the editor, 'until we have more Englishmen living out here, who love and understand India enough to wish to make it their permanent home.'

'I don't want to live anywhere else,' Mrs. Swanson said suddenly. 'We've got to go back to England before long, though, for Pat can't stand the climate here permanently. And of course I like England too,' she added bravely.

Her remark made me scan Swanson's countenance more searchingly. Yes, the features of this man, who was evidently not overstrong at best, showed unmistakable traces of tropical fever.

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Reading my thought in my eyes, Pat added in a low regretful voice: 'Yes, unfortunately I've got to get back to a European climate. I have only extended my contract for one more year. It's our misfortune that only people born here can stand the climate indefinitely — and not all of those. But we need white men who can live here permanently and want to do so. They must act as middlemen between the people at home and the natives. Personally, I think it a mistake and a misfortune that our past prejudices and race-blindness have made the creation of a mixed race so difficult.'

'But the biologists say the mixed races are inferior,' I suggested, less out of personal conviction than to lead him on.

'I don't believe it. See what handsome people our Eurasians are.' I involuntarily glanced at his wife again. 'Would n't it be rather strange for the mixed races to inherit physical strength and beauty from both sides and yet never inherit the better moral and mental qualities of both? Here in the Straits, at least, that argument does n't go. You can see for yourself what an able and energetic element the Eurasians are. Do you think they will tolerate being kept down forever in the inferior political, social, and economic status they are forced to occupy at present?'

A recent experience came to my mind. A few days before a well-dressed young Englishman accompanied by a girl of decidedly dark complexion had come into the dining-room of the hotel where I was stopping. They had scarcely taken their seats when our colored manager rushed up to them excitedly and tried to get them to remove to a less conspicuous corner. The young man refused. There was a hot debate, and finally the couple indignantly left the hotel. When I related this incident to Swanson, he said: 'A few years ago a young man would never have dared to bring his colored sweetheart into that hotel. And a few years from now the manager will not dare to try to put a young couple like that in an inconspicuous corner.'

A moment's silence followed as we watched the last drops of a tropical shower splash from the eaves upon the palm fronds and banana leaves.

'It's clearing up,' said Mrs. Swanson. 'Shan't we go out for a little while?'

The garden was small and old, like the house itself. In one corner stood a cluster of banana plants. 'They supply all we use,' Mrs. Swanson said, tripping across a little strip of turf to pick an armful of blossoms. 'We have more flowers, too, than we know what to do with, all the year round. We shall have to do without them in England, though.'

Not far from the house was laid the reservoir of the Singapore Waterworks. From this outlook we have a view over the city and harbor, over native villages and coconut groves, and also over machine-shops and factories.

'The West has got a much deeper foothold here than those Indian fanatics imagine who preach that everything would be all right if we Englishmen only left India. They might destroy the factories and railways, perhaps, but they cannot destroy the spirit of the West and of Western mechanism that has already taken possession of every native who has ever ridden a bicycle, traveled in a railway train or an automobile, used a lawn-mower, or taken a picture with a Kodak. They can never go back to their old way of living. The East can never be the ancient East again.

'I know that I have paid dearly in good health for living here,' he said,

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with a side glance at his wife, 'but I am glad to be in the India of to-day. For to-day an intellectual and spiritual transformation is going on in India that will determine the fate of both Asia and Europe. I use the word India in its widest sense — from the Straits of Bab el Mandeb to the Banda Sea, from the Sunda Archipelago to Australasia. Throughout all this great empire the old conceptions of life and faith are dead and empty. The Eastern nations are beginning to wake up to this. That new consciousness makes some reject passionately, and others assimilate greedily, everything Western. Neither is right. Think of Japan on the one side and Tibet on the other. India must create new political, religious, and social institutions suitable for herself. We must help her to do so. That is the great trump card we Britishers in India have to play, if we only are shrewd enough to play it well. We can surrender political control of India without misgivings if we do it at the right time and in a liberal way. An autonomous, or even an independent, India will still need our services for at least a century, as friends, teachers, suppliers, and lastly and not least, as allies. We cannot dismiss lightly the possibility that an independent India, even assuming her capable of independence, might have dangerous enemies. Leaving Russia out of consideration, — although either a Soviet Russia or a bourgeois Russia might easily prove a dangerous neighbor for independent India, — there remains China. Do you imagine it beyond the bounds of possibility that another Mongol Khan may at some future time dream of extending his rule beyond the Ganges? His title may be President or People's Commissar: the name is unimportant.

'Nor need the Chinese come as military conquerors. Peaceful conquest is still surer. Consider further India to-day. I leave Anam out of account. That is already called Indo-China. But the Chinese are pushing steadily into Siam. And here in the Straits Settlements, and in the Netherlands Indies as well, they are gradually becoming the economic and financial masters. To be sure, they take no part in politics, but who dare prophesy that they will never do so? Especially when their own country settles down again and becomes once more a great united nation, plus Western science and technique.

'I tell you frankly, I do not like the Chinese, though of course I can't say so in my paper, and though I greatly admire their thrift and industry. But I don't trust them. Just watch a Chinaman in a ricksha. The more his human draft-animal groans and grunts, the greater the satisfaction painted on his countenance. We have reason to fear the Chinese. They work harder and they are sharper traders than our natives. Perhaps it would be a good thing if we English and the Indians were to bethink ourselves sometimes of our racial kinship.'

Mrs. Swanson had given me a meaning glance once or twice. Her husband was overtaxing himself, with his passionate interest in the theme that filled his heart. It was almost impossible to stem the torrent of his words. So I seized a momentary stop, when he paused for breath, to make an excuse for leaving. I likewise craved a respite, to digest all the new ideas and thoughts I had received.

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IN THE BISHOP'S GARDEN[1]

A RUMANIAN CONVERSATION

BY LÉON THÉVENIN

I REACHED the episcopal palace at sunset, an hour when the summer skies of Rumania are suffused with a pale-pinkish glow. The Bishop, who was sitting in his garden waiting for me, was a man about fifty years old, with long hair, a heavy black beard just beginning to turn gray, and the expression of evangelical gentleness on his countenance that one often observes in the Rumanian clergy.

The moment I reminded the prelate of the object of my visit he exclaimed: 'Closer relations between our two Churches? Ah, that will be difficult, very difficult! We're separated not only by deep doctrinal but also by psychological differences. The latter are no slight obstacle, I assure you.'

'Yes, Monseigneur, I know it. First there are the four points —'

'Exactly. Of course the four points are, as you'll admit, a very serious barrier. How can we, for example, come to an agreement with you on the question of the papacy? The Catholic Church teaches that the Bishop of Rome represents in his person the entire Church. She makes him an infallible interpreter of revealed truth. But that is to sin against the Holy Spirit. You attribute to the Pope a prerogative that Jesus Christ promised only to the Christian world in its entirety. Our Orthodox Church, you understand, bases its rule of faith upon the living testimony of the entire Church. There is one obstacle that seems to me insurmountable. Don't you think so?'

I should have liked to argue the matter, but the prelate immediately continued: 'In the second place there is the Filioque. The Filioque is an addition to the Nicene Creed, made up in Spain in the seventh century. Emperor Charlemagne gave it wide currency through his influence in the ninth century. Rome did not accept it until the eleventh century. According to our teaching, this addition is contrary to the Word of God and to the true teaching of the Church, because it confounds things that should be distinct in the Trinity. The Roman Church seems to us to have trifled with the sanctity of the Mystery.'

I started to quote the traditional arguments against the Bishop's position, but he continued without stopping: 'And in the third place there is Purgatory. We cannot admit that the soul after death continues to grow better or worse. That is why we reject the doctrine of expiatory penance. It is unthinkable to us that souls can be in one place. They are simply in a condition, a provisional condition. Therefore we do not believe that indulgences can extend to the future life.

'Last of all there are the difficulties of the Communion. In the Roman Church the faithful partake only of the bread in Communion. That is a custom that dates from the thirteenth century. But on this point we are nearer agreement, for the Uniate Church,

[1] From *La Revue Bleue* (Paris literary and political semimonthly), *July* 18

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which is a Catholic Church, gives the Communion in both forms.'

'Quite so,' I answered; 'but what are the psychological difficulties, Monseigneur?'

'They embrace radical divergences that go to the very foundations of the two faiths — rigorous mediæval discipline in case of the Roman Catholics, liberalism consulting the exigencies of modern life in the case of the Orthodox. For example, we tolerate divorce. Infidelity and irreconcilable personal antipathy seem to us sufficient reasons for separation. It is the same with the celibacy of the clergy, which does not seem indispensable to us.'

'I know, Monseigneur, that your yoke is lighter than ours in this respect.'

'Yes, indeed,' answered the Bishop. 'The Eastern Church, please understand, recognizes that celibacy is better for a priest than the state of matrimony, but she considers that an exceptional condition. She does not presume to prohibit marriage. She does not make celibacy an irrevocable law. Furthermore, she considers marriage a state of grace not to be avoided except for high and Christian motives.

'The Orthodox Church, you must bear in mind, is the only Church whose revealed doctrine represents a heritage handed down without interruption, from generation to generation, from Jesus Christ to our own times. Our Church considers herself simply the guardian of this treasure. Her mission is to keep the world in mind of what she holds in trust for it. But this treasure is exclusively spiritual. We cannot understand how the Vatican can claim political sovereignty and a kingdom of this world. "My kingdom," said Jesus, "is not of this world." Therefore we readily admit the separation of Church and State. The State's function is to look after the physical care of the nation. It supplies the physical needs, which come first of all; the conscience follows. Now the nation's conscience is the exclusive concern of the Church. We do not trouble ourselves with anything beyond that.'

'And the State, Monseigneur,' I said, 'does it freely grant you that control of conscience?'

'It leaves our hands free.'

'But if it should happen that the government, in its efforts at secularization, should hamper you as it sometimes does in other countries?'

'Then we should appeal to the people themselves. It is the people who would defend us.'

'I beg your pardon,' I answered, 'but I have been told that the people upon whom the Church must depend for her defense still lack religious culture.'

'For the moment, yes. All the masses know of religion as yet is its mystical aspect. That is to say, they feel the need of depending upon a superior power. The moral teaching of Christianity still escapes them. Its ethical message is the fruit of cosmic evolution. Our Church has always had to deal with people of a mental level lower than its own — with degenerate Greeks and with Turks incapable of rising above an inferior intellectual plane. She owes her survival to her fundamental qualities, her Latin qualities, that cannot be destroyed.'

'May I ask Monseigneur to explain that a little more clearly?'

'Our people have admirable qualities. They are patient, devoted, loyal to their country, ever ready to defend it. They have a poetic instinct. They adorn their language with many graces. They understand the need of some hierarchy. That is where the moral hope of the nation resides, just as its material hope resides in our fertile soil.'

'But your city people?'

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'We can't expect much of them. They are far too mixed and cosmopolitan.'

'But to come back now to this question of a closer alliance between our two Churches,' continued the Bishop, 'would that be popular in France?'

'Alas,' I answered, 'how could you expect it to be, Monseigneur. We know as little of your Church as your Rumanians know of ours. In a general way we do wish this rapprochement. Up to now we have merely floundered about in mutual ignorance of each other.'

The servant announced dinner. The Bishop rose. I followed him. We entered the episcopal residence, where the Bishop led me into a large but very plain dining-room with upholstered chairs. The windows opened upon an ample park flooded with the golden light of the setting sun and vocal with the songs of birds. An attendant served plum brandy, ripe olives, and caviar while we talked on.

'It seems to me,' I said to the Bishop, 'that among our educated classes religion has become definitely a kind of patriotism. Men have little real belief, but retain lively patriotic loyalty to their Church. Is n't that so?'

'The bourgeoisie,' said the prelate, helping himself to creamed chicken, 'does n't really believe in anything. Its members have acquired wealth faster than they have acquired moral culture. They lack religious instruction and enlightenment. They have never even learned the catechism.'

'But,' I asked, 'have n't the priests taught them the rudiments of religious doctrine in the schools?'

'Yes, in classrooms, just like other teachers, without any special solemnity and dignity. The Church has never taken the child properly in hand to awaken his conscience.'

'But, Monseigneur, that is clearly due to faulty organization.'

'Unquestionably.'

'How do you explain it?'

'I attribute it to our mystical temperament. The Eastern Church, you will understand, has developed in a very high degree the contemplative side of Christianity — its love of meditation and solitude. She has her saints and anchorites. She has built monasteries where those who wish to renounce the world in order to gain Heaven may devote themselves to a life of prayer. Meanwhile the Western Church,' added the prelate with a gentle smile, 'has exhibited great ability in managing her earthly affairs. She has entrenched herself in wealth at the same time that she has fortified herself in human hearts.'

'Ah, Monseigneur,' I replied, 'that may have been true in the past. But to-day our Church has again become a holy mendicant, I assure you.'

We were served carrots on fried bread and delicious pastries baked in the episcopal mansion. We ate and drank heartily. The dinner was abundant, beautifully served, and blessed by truly episcopal wine. We both meditated in silence for few minutes, enjoying our sense of physical repletion and contemplating the beautiful twilight-calm in the gardens without. Finally I broke in upon the Bishop's reverie to say: 'It seems to me that a Rumanian Pascal would have been impossible.'

'Pascal was a sick man, abnormal, unsymmetrical,' replied the Bishop.

All the spirit of Port Royal surged up in my bosom in protest. My ears seemed to catch again the echoes of the keen doctrinal discussions of that immortal cloister.

Right there, I said to myself, is one of the essential differences between the two Churches. The highest expression of Catholicism is asceticism. The Rumanian Church, too, has its martyrs, but they are national martyrs, political

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martyrs, not martyrs of the faith. I roused myself from this train of thought to listen to the prelate discoursing on another theme. Christian ethics, in his opinion, should come first, and dogma second. He described an American denomination that admits to membership holders of all beliefs providing they agree upon the principles that should guide social conduct. The Bishop seemed to approve the experiment, without accepting it, however, at face value.

Along this line, I thought to myself, the Rumanian Church is more likely to take the road toward liberal Protestantism. A strange doctrine, this union of the most venerable traditions of the past with modern theories of reformist rationalism. Coffee was served. A refreshing breath of evening air came through the window.

'I imagine it will rain to-morrow,' observed the Bishop. That suggested to him to inquire whether I knew the Orthodox prayers for rain, the most beautiful, next to those of the Epiphany. As I did not, the prelate was good enough to repeat them. The soft velvety darkness of the summer night descended. A star shone out above a line of trees.

'Speaking of these prayers for rain,' I said, 'I remember seeing some little naked gypsies by the roadside, a while ago, over whom they were pouring pails of water. It is a picturesque custom. I also saw the procession of the Icon of Saint Anne. The image smiled in its silver cabinet. It was escorted by aged priests, peasants in their country carts, and young people on horseback carrying banners.'

'And it rained, did n't it?'

'Rain! That night the water came down in a deluge, washing out the roads and turning the streams into torrents.'

'Then the wheat and the corn were benefited?'

'No, I think it more likely that they were injured.'

We both laughed heartily, and talked for a time about rural customs. Then I rose and bade the Bishop farewell, thanking him for his truly kindly and cordial hospitality.

RAINBOW

BY F. D. HAGUE

[*Poetry of To-day*]

BARE elms etched
On a steely sky,
A squall of rain
And a plover's cry—
The sun comes out,
There 's a patch of blue
And God's old promise,
A dream come true.

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HOW I BECAME LONG-SIGHTED[1]

BY GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

I WAS reading quietly in my study when the servant announced 'Monsieur Magnier.' I thought I had the honor of a visit from the editor of *l'Événement*, and I ordered the visitor to be brought in.

The door opened, and, behold, on the threshold there appeared a handsome old man, fresh and rosy, with an urbanity tempered by an air of benevolent superiority. The gentleman was unknown to me. White whiskers, gray eyes sparkling with life, a spotless shirt-front, an ample frock-coat, predisposed one in his favor. He vaguely suggested some exotic diplomat who happened to be on a mission to France in order to inquire into the state of public opinion. A young man accompanied my visitor, presumably his private secretary.

The stranger came forward and gave me a genial smile.

'I shall ask permission,' he said in a familiar tone, 'to keep on my hat, for there is nothing I am so much afraid of as a bad cold.'

Before I had time to reply, a top hat, broad-brimmed, was planted with deliberation on the polished pate of my visitor. He sat down, still with the same kindly smile of condescension. He was obviously anxious to put me at my ease. My face probably did show some expression of surprise. I was waiting for him to speak.

'Sir,' he began, 'first of all I must thank you for kindly receiving me. I am not at all surprised that you should. When a servant announces Mr. Mayer, everyone knows what such a name signifies.'

The slight movement of surprise, which I could not repress, did not escape my visitor.

'I can tell from your gesture that you know me,' he continued, with a slight inflection of modesty. 'I was sure of it. General Baron de X. and Marchioness de Z. only this morning were reminding me that I am–the best-known man in Paris. But I have said enough about myself. It is yourself I am thinking of. It is such a long time ago since I wanted to know you. All your friends told me, "Just go and see him. He is charming. He will simply be delighted to have a chat with you." Only, you understand, I am a very busy man. Forgive me if I was not able to come sooner.'

I felt quite inclined to forgive the surprising visitor, when suddenly he burst out, with a tone of the most affectionate interest: —

'Now let us see. Tell me the whole truth. How do you feel?'

Absolutely staggered, without even realizing the meaning of my words, I stupidly replied, 'But I am very well, I thank you.'

'Ah, sir,' my new friend exclaimed, with a beaming countenance, 'how glad I am to hear you say so yourself. You know that the health of a man like yourself is precious to France. It is a blessing that you should be in good health. Husband your strength. I am sure that you work too hard. We are in need of you.'

Perplexed, aghast, I listened to this

[1] From the *English Review* (London Conservative monthly), *August*

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torrent of words, supposing that there was a mistake somewhere, and waiting for the end of the adventure.

Meanwhile the affable old man, his countenance illumined with the joy he felt at the good news that I told him about my state of health, went on without noticing my stupefaction: —

'I am going to tell you something. What you have to take care of first of all is your sight. There is nothing quite so precious. How can you work with bad eyesight or with defective eyeglasses? You will soon be fifty years of age. Your sight is bound to get weaker. Be quite outspoken. Is there nothing wrong with your eyesight?'

The fact was that my sight had been getting slightly weaker for the last few months, but my visitor was beginning to irritate me. I therefore got up and replied curtly: —

'No, nothing. I see very well.'

'Ah, so much the better,' replied the obstinate talker, who remained calmly glued to his chair. 'Well, as you have such good eyesight, just look at this masterpiece of the printer's craft,' and taking off his gloves he pushed under my nose the most dainty little 'Elzevir' in an exquisite old binding.

I had scarcely opened the volume when my visitor, arising from his chair, put his hand on my arm and, with an accent of affectionate reproof, said: 'Ah! I thought so. You did deceive me. That is not right. I should not have expected it of you. You tell me that your eyesight is good, and the distance at which you place my book in order to be able to read its characters proves to me that you are long-sighted, frightfully long-sighted. Your crystalline is simply flattening down. It is high time we should intervene. Yes; how wrong it was to deceive me!'

I felt as flat as my crystalline, and quite ashamed to have deceived the trust of so kind a friend.

I do not know what words I might have found by way of apology, but I had no chance to speak. My visitor had already placed a rule before my eyes, and before I was allowed time to realize what was happening my visual distance had been measured and the proof of my deceitfulness had been scientifically established.

'Number 2314,' the old man said in a voice of command to his private secretary, who had been keeping so quiet that I had entirely forgotten his presence.

These words had hardly been uttered when the young man took up a flat box, which he had deposited on the floor on his arrival, and unfolded under my dazzled eyes what seemed to be the leaves of an interminable screen, sparkling with the lustre of glasses whose reflection filled the room with a moving light.

I was too crushed to speak. I was surrendering miserably. My dictatorial benefactor, unwilling to abuse his victory, and treating me like a lifeless object, without saying one word fixed an eyeglass on my nose.

Behold, O miracle! I was able to read the 'Elzevir' without any fatigue. The characters stood out with admirable neatness. The veil which for some time had been dimming my eyesight without my being conscious of it had just been removed. I could not disguise my content, but my generous friend was modest in his triumph.

'Those glasses cannot be found in the market,' he said, 'for I am manufacturing them myself. I spent one half of my life in calculating their thickness and their curve. They are priceless, for, in contrast with all others, they do not fatigue the eye. It is a revolution which I achieved. I may claim to be a benefactor to mankind. Your gratitude for the service which I am rendering to you will

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increase as you get older. I can prophesy confidently, you will never forget Mr. Mayer.'

In truth this extraordinary character had indeed rendered me a service, and I could not disguise my satisfaction.

'I must leave you,' he exclaimed suddenly. 'You are pleased with me; that is all I want. I have to perform an operation on Colonel V. He is waiting for me.'

It would have been very selfish of me to keep the Colonel waiting.

Mr. Mayer, who had not removed his hat, touched it with his right hand, and, pointing to the eyeglasses left on the corner of the table, concluded in an absent-minded way: —

'That will only be forty francs.'

'What! Never!' I replied, recovering my lost energy. 'That is twice too much.'

'What do you mean?' Mr. Mayer replied. 'I know better than you do how much those glasses cost me, as I have to make them. I alone, do you understand? I thought you would have been incapable of arguing about such trivial matters, after I have rendered you one of those services —'

He did not finish his sentence. He was obviously pained at my meanness, and his mercy was sparing me. I was getting ashamed of my protest. He made a gesture of wounded benevolence and said in a low voice: —

'Make haste, give me thirty francs, and I go.'

Ever since that day I have become long-sighted.

Shall I add that, happening one day to break one of Mr. Mayer's glasses, I had it very adequately replaced for the sum of two francs.

O Semites! whom people insist on abusing, is there an Aryan who can match you?

THE CLASSICS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA[1]

BY SIR FREDERIC G. KENYON

[With the opening of our schools and colleges, the perennial problem of the classics presents itself. The following abridged résumé of their present status in the United States and Great Britain is by one of the most competent authorities on this subject.

Twenty years ago, or even less, an article on the position of classical studies would almost inevitably have taken the form of a comparison, controversial in character, of the rival claims of classics, science, and modern subjects to a place in the curriculum of schools and universities. It is a significant and most satisfactory feature of recent developments that such a controversial treatment of the subject is no longer necessary. The contest between science and the classics is, it may be hoped, as dead as the contest between science and theology. No reasonable person in either camp doubts that both are essential elements in our civilization, that room must be found for both, and that boys and girls who have an aptitude for either must be given opportunities to develop in accordance with their abilities. Some of the warmest

[1] From the *Quarterly Review* (London Conservative quarterly), *July*

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advocates of a classical education are themselves distinguished men of science; and classical scholars have been among the foremost to advocate an ample provision for science in the intellectual programme of all students.

Few will doubt that the change is salutary, though some of the protagonists in the struggle of the past generation may regret that there is no longer occasion for their swashing blow. Gibes at 'unlettered scientists' and 'gerund-grinding pedants' may lie down together in an unhonored grave. Education is too serious a matter to allow of the waste of energy involved in such a controversy. Each has come to perceive that its own cause is at stake in the fortunes of the other, and that the real danger is lest all education should be degraded into a vocational materialism. The humanist murmurs, '*Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon*'; the scientist diagnoses danger in the increase of temperature among the combustible materials of his neighbor's house; and both combine to form a volunteer fire-brigade.

One cause is to be found in the war. The most hardened classicist could not deny that the country would have been lost without the application of science; the most devoted scientist could not deny that the teachings of history and literature had much to do with the maintenance of that morale which was the most vital element in the whole struggle. Both are agreed that education must be alike scientific and humane, that we want more science and more humanity.

Another cause is the disappearance of the privileged position formerly held by Latin and Greek. When science had to fight for its place in the sun, there was a natural tendency to hit every head that it could see; and pathetic pictures were drawn of the hard fate of bright youths, unblessed with linguistic aptitudes, compelled to waste their powers in the study of the exceptions of Wordsworth's Greek Grammar, and in learning 'cribs' by heart — a remarkable feat of memory, as it has always seemed to the present writer — in order to meet the requirements of Smalls.

The abolition of 'compulsory Greek' at Oxford and Cambridge has altered all this. The boot is now on the other leg. It is science now that is often compulsory, never Greek; but in the main it may be said that all that is compulsory is an elementary acquaintance with both science and the humanities, and that each boy and girl is far more free than heretofore to develop along the lines for which he or she has the greatest aptitude.

That, at any rate, is the end toward which all educational theorists are driving, and with reference to which all educational developments must be judged. Not all the implications of this change have, however, yet been generally grasped. So long as Latin and Greek were protected by their wall of privilege at Oxford and Cambridge, educational authorities were naturally preoccupied for the most part with securing the position of science and modern subjects. They have not yet fully realized that with the disappearance of that wall it is now their duty to see that the classics have their fair chance.

If it is admitted — and it is admitted, most fully and unreservedly, by the foremost representatives of science — that the classics are a most valuable and vital element in the civilization of our country, it becomes the duty of those who are responsible for our national education to see that such assistance and encouragement are given to them as will secure them, not merely a bare existence, but such a share in the entire scheme of things as their im-

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portance for our national well-being demands.

It is therefore relevant — and not merely relevant, but necessary — to take stock of the present position of the classics in education, to see how they stand in our schools and universities to-day, and what, if any, are the principal dangers that threaten them. Here is a valuable possession which it behooves us to safeguard — not to the detriment of other valuable elements, but lest we should unawares suffer a loss which would leave the whole of our civilization poorer, and lower us in the scale of cultivated humanity.

An opportune contribution to this examination comes to us from America. For some years past a strong Committee in the United States has been engaged in an inquiry, by the most objective methods available, into the present position of the classics of that country — their educational value, their present standing in schools and universities, and the methods by which they are actually taught or should be taught. On our own side of the Atlantic we have recently had the exhaustive report of the Prime Minister's Committee on 'The Classics in Education,' besides much nonofficial literature. The materials are therefore available, and the object of the present article is to summarize their results, and to bring them to the notice of the non-professional reader.

And first let us pay the tribute that is due to our American friends. The Committee engaged on the investigation referred to was appointed by the American Classical League, and has been financed since 1921 by the General Education Board; but the moving spirit at the back of the whole enterprise has been Dr. Andrew F. West, Dean of the Graduate College of Princeton University. All lovers of the classics owe a deep debt of gratitude to Dean West. After a lifetime of strenuous service and scholarship, which has its fitting monument in the really beautiful buildings of the Graduate College, he has devoted the last ten years to an intensive campaign of propaganda, in the best sense of the term, on behalf of the classics.

The first-fruits of his campaign appeared in a volume entitled *The Value of the Classics*, which was published in 1917. This contained eighteen addresses and about 280 statements from individuals and societies, mainly American, though with a few additions from England and France, covering all the principal branches of life. The volume concludes with some pages of statistics, indicating not only the number of students of classics in educational establishments, but also their comparative records of progress as tested by various standards; these latter tending to show that in nonclassical subjects candidates with a classical training show a marked superiority over those who lack it.

Statistical investigation as applied to educational processes has, no doubt, a much greater place in America than in our own country. English teachers are inclined to look askance at mechanical tests of intellectual achievement, and to be guided rather by general impressions than by tables of figures. It may be admitted also that such tests when confined to a limited area, such as a single school, are not very reliable. But it does not follow that they are not reliable when the field of investigation is widened. The strength of the American investigation lies in the width of the field that it covers. Averages and results derived from over a thousand schools, covering all the area between the Atlantic and the Pacific, cannot be ignored; and this inquiry demands the respectful consideration of all impartial students of education.

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The first conclusions, as to which no controversy can arise, are those that give the actual statistics with regard to classical education in America.

The total enrollment in Latin in the secondary schools of the country for the year 1923–24 is estimated by the United States Bureau of Education at 940,000, slightly in excess of the combined enrollment in all other foreign languages. It is approximately 27½ per cent of the total enrollment of pupils in all secondary schools, including the seventh and eighth grades of junior high schools, or 30 per cent if these grades are not included. The enrollment in Greek is only about 11,000, but shows some signs of increase. . . . About 83 per cent of the 20,500 secondary schools of the country offer instruction in one or more foreign languages. Of this number, 94 per cent offer Latin, a slightly larger percentage than in the case of all other foreign languages combined. . . .

The Latin enrollment in the colleges in the country in 1923–24 was approximately 40,000, and the Greek enrollment about 16,000. . . . Thirty-nine of the forty-eight State superintendents of public instruction state that their attitude toward Latin is sympathetic or distinctly friendly. Seven express themselves as neutral, and two as unsympathetic or distinctly unfriendly. As regards Greek, eight are sympathetic or distinctly friendly, twenty-four are neutral, and sixteen are unsympathetic or distinctly unfriendly.

So much with regard to the actual numbers of students of the classics in the schools and colleges of America. It may be added that, of every hundred pupils studying Latin in the first year of their four-year course at a secondary school, 69 study it for two years, 31 for three years, and 14 for four years; and of these 14 scarcely 5 may be expected to continue it at college. The next section of the report undertakes an examination of the aims or 'objectives' in the teaching of Latin at the secondary stage.

The results are too long to summarize, but it is interesting to note the answers given by the graduates who were asked to indicate the results from the study of Latin which they believed to have been most valuable in their own experience. The seven values receiving the highest number of votes were: (1) the understanding and use of English words derived from Latin; (2) the understanding of English grammar and language-structure in general; (3) the understanding of Latin words, quotations, and so on, occurring in English; (4) the development of an historical perspective and a general cultural background; (5) assistance in learning other foreign languages; (6) general discipline resulting from the cultivation of habits of accuracy, thoroughness, orderly procedure, perseverance, and achievement; (7) the understanding and use of Latin technical terms, and terms derived from Latin, employed in the professions and vocations. Of these it may be observed that only Numbers 4 and 6 can be regarded as ultimate aims, valuable in themselves, the others being subsidiary and ancillary to further objects.

A long section follows on the content of the Latin course at secondary schools. The existing curricula are analyzed, criticisms are invited from teachers, and a syllabus is drawn up which is recommended for adoption. The defects found in the existing system are summarized as follows: 'Congestion arising from introduction into the course of too many formal elements, especially during the first year; too early introduction of the first classical author to be read; failure to include in the course abundant easy reading material for the purpose of developing early the pupil's ability to read Latin as Latin; prescription of too large an amount of classical Latin to be read intensively; lack of sufficient variety in the choice of reading material; and fail-

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ure to give adequate emphasis to attainment of the ultimate objectives.'

It is observable that the supply of easy reading material, which is particularly desiderated, is said to be much better met by English publishers, and much more extensively used in English schools, than is at present the case in America. In this connection it is instructive to notice, perhaps as an example of the tendency of the human mind to criticize whatever it has got, that at the recent meeting of the Classical Association at Bangor more than one speaker criticized adversely the use of what was described as 'predigested' food, which pupils were said to regard as fraudulent and unreal; but the Prime Minister's Committee recommended the postponement of the first classical author to the third year, and the use of 'made' material in the earlier stages.

The general recommendations include the following: —

1. That the formal study of the elements of language during the first year be reduced by the postponement of many forms and principles until later in the course. . . .

2. That the vocabulary, forms, and principles of syntax to be learned in each successive year of the course be selected in such a way as to provide conditions most favorable for developing progressive power to read and understand Latin, and for attaining the ultimate objectives which teachers regard as valid for their pupils.

3. That not less than 80 pages of easy, well-graduated, and attractive Latin reading material be introduced into the course, beginning at the earliest possible point and continuing at least through the third semester.

Specific recommendations as to books to be read, and as to the method of studying grammar, are added at considerable length; and it is interesting to note the statement that 'the results secured in the four-year English schools, from 36 of which statistics appear to have been obtained, show that a grade of scholarship much higher than is commonly attained in the schools of our country can be secured on the basis of a considerably smaller amount of intensive reading of the classical authors.'

Recommendations follow with regard to methods of teaching, which are of more interest to the professional teacher than to the general reader. With reference to these, as to so much else in educational theory, one is at times tempted to murmur to oneself: —

> For forms of government let fools contest;
> Whate'er is best administered is best.

The final chapter reverts to and extends that comparison of the records of classical and nonclassical pupils which was noted as a feature of Dean West's earlier book. We give the conclusions of the American investigation without prejudice.

Latin students not only do better than the non-Latin students in all subjects outside of Latin and Greek, but also, with a single exception, the records in all these nonclassical subjects go higher as the amount of Latin studied is greater. The margin of superiority of the Latin group of students as a whole is about 13 per cent. Several methods of attempting to ascertain the difference in initial ability between Latin and non-Latin college preparatory pupils also seem to show that *only about one-tenth of the 13 per cent superiority of the Latin students at the end of the secondary course is to be attributed to this factor, and that nine-tenths of the superiority is due to something gained from the study of Latin itself.*

The italics are ours. Tables and statistics are given in support of these conclusions.

We should like to emphasize the sober and objective tone which characterizes the whole of this investigation. Defects are not blinked or minimized. Faults are admitted to exist, which call for strong and prompt remedies. Of these the chief are the

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congestion of the course and the inadequacy of the training of teachers. The demand for better-trained Latin teachers is said to be increasing rapidly, and the supply is said to be so inadequate as to warrant deep anxiety. In particular, emphasis is laid on the importance of a knowledge of Greek on the part of teachers of Latin, and it is urged that full provision to secure this result should be made as soon as possible.

The present position of Greek in America is far less satisfactory than that of Latin; yet the results in Greek are demonstrably and notably better than in any other subject in the secondary-school course. At present Greek is not given a fair chance. A claim is made which has often been made in this country, and which cannot be too often or too emphatically repeated: 'We are not asking that pupils in our schools be compelled to study Greek, but we do ask that all who are fit for the study shall have the unhindered and really encouraging chance to take it.' And this claim is not urged with any derogation from the importance of English and other modern languages. On the contrary, the importance of the combination of English, Latin, and Greek is strongly emphasized, as well as the combined teaching of classical and modern foreign languages. 'The more the spirit of coöperation spreads among the teachers of all these languages, the more surely may we expect richer results in each language taught.' And so say all of us.

When we turn to our own country, we cannot at this moment produce comparable statistics. In estimating the present position of classical studies in Great Britain we are therefore dependent in the main on general impressions, and on the evidence of those who are concerned in them. In these impressions there are both good features and bad. On the good side is certainly to be reckoned a very marked revival of general interest in the classics. The abolition of compulsion at Oxford and Cambridge has removed one great ground of offense, and has at the same time roused the activities of the advocates of the humanities. The number of these is by no means restricted to the professional students of Latin and Greek. Statesmen, lawyers, men of science, leaders of commerce and industry, in this country as in America, have testified to the value of the classics, both as an element in intellectual and spiritual culture, and as a foundation for every kind of career. At the same time a great effort has been made to bring home to the mind of all thinking persons the living value of these studies as an element in modern life, and the irreparable loss to our civilization which would follow if they ceased to hold an important place in our educational system.

This effort has taken the form, either of directly propagandist literature, such as the papers and addresses issued by the Classical Association, or of books intended to explain the part played, in the present as well as in the past, by classical literature in our own civilization, or, thirdly, of translations and interpretations of classical works, which may make their content known to those who have little or no mastery of the ancient languages. Books such as *The Legacy of Greece* and *The Legacy of Rome* are really admirable statements, by some of the foremost scholars of the day, of the character and living value of the two great literatures on which our own civilization is so largely founded; and with them may be coupled such works as *Our Hellenic Heritage*, by H. R. James; *The Greek Commonwealth*, by A. E. Zimmern; *The Greek Genius*, by R. W. Livingstone; *Latin Literature*, by J. W. Mackail; and the volumes contained in such series as *The World's*

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Manuals, published in this country, and *Our Debt to Greece and Rome*, published in America.

Among translations one is bound especially to mention Professor Gilbert Murray's versions of Euripides, which have made him once again a living poet with an appeal to modern readers, and the volumes of the 'Loeb Library,' which, with their parallel pages of original and translation, both assist the moderately well-equipped scholar to keep up his classics, and enable those who retain little or nothing of their Greek and Latin to read the great works of classical literature in translations, with just so much reference to the originals as comes within their powers.

Together with all this literary activity has gone a marked revival in the teaching of the classics. Not only Latin, but Greek also, is in a healthier condition now than it has been for a long time past. Teachers have set themselves to reform their methods, and have realized that their aim must be to convince their pupils that Greek and Latin are living literatures, valuable not merely historically, not merely because they are essential for the full appreciation of our own literature, but also because on many subjects and in many respects they embody the best thought, expressed in the best form, that the human mind has yet achieved.

As the result of all this effort, there is now a very general recognition of the intellectual value of classical studies, not merely for the specialist, but as an indispensable element in our general civilization. Moreover, this conviction is not confined to the classes which once held the knowledge of the classics to be their social hallmark. There is no more encouraging feature in the intellectual development of our country than the growing recognition on the part of the working classes that Greek and Latin hold treasures by which they can profit, and into the possession of which they claim the right of entry.

It is here that we touch on the less satisfactory side of the present position of classical studies in this country. If the Greek and Latin languages and literatures contain qualities which need to be generally diffused in our civilization, they ought to be placed within the reach of all those who are capable of profiting by them. A small amount of study of natural science or of modern languages yields more obvious fruits than a small amount of study of Greek or Latin. A moderate knowledge of science may enable a boy to mend a motor-car, put the electric bells in order, or set up a wireless apparatus; a moderate knowledge of French or German may make a tour on the Continent agreeable. Both also have quite real and evident applications to trade and commerce. Both have, in short, more definite vocational utility. Hence they make a more immediate appeal both to the average parent and to the average pupil; and this although the true man of science and the true modern-language scholar fully realize that these are not the grounds on which their subjects can claim a place with the classics in the cultural equipment of a nation.

It is wholly to be desired that the demand for trained scientific experts in industry, which was greatly stimulated by the war, should continue, and that the requisite supply should be forthcoming from our schools and universities. It is also entirely desirable that history and political science should be studied, both extensively and intensively, in the interests of the political development of the nation, and that the full cultural value should be extracted from modern languages and literatures; while a better knowledge of our own language and literature should be demanded from *all* students. Conse-

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quently the demands on the hours available in the school curriculum are very great; boys and girls with a bent for these other subjects are rightly encouraged to pursue them; and there is great difficulty in finding time for giving the average student a useful knowledge of the classical languages, and the number of those who will make them their principal subject is much reduced. It follows that in small schools there may not be enough students of the classics, and especially of Greek, to justify the engagement of the necessary staff to teach them.

It cannot be too often repeated that advocacy of the classics involves no indifference to the claims of other subjects. The civilization of the country requires a full admixture of all the great activities of the human mind, among which pure literature, science, history, philosophy, mathematics, fine art, and music rank the highest. For the full development of most of these, a knowledge of Greek and Latin — not merely confined to specialists, but diffused among a sufficient portion of the population to leaven the whole lump — is essential, partly because they are the root of all these branches of intellectual activity, partly because they are so closely intertwined with our literary, artistic, and spiritual development that our literature, art, and philosophy cannot be fully understood without them, and partly because they actually enshrine much of the highest product of the human mind.

It is no valid objection to say that only a small minority of students attain to a full appreciation and command of these literatures. It is equally true to say that only a small minority of the students of science attain to a full appreciation and command of their subject. A Rutherford or a Bragg is as rare as a Jebb or a Henry Butcher. There are very many who can attain to lower standards of appreciation, some of whom can interpret and pass on to others the lessons and the inspiration which they have received from the leaders, others who can receive what is thus passed on and can incorporate it in their own lives, and so make it part of the general life of the nation. If only the chance is given, there are quite enough boys and girls who can learn the lessons that Greek and Latin literature have to teach them, and can thus enrich our English culture with the peculiar qualities which are nowhere found more abundantly than in them.

The value of any element in education lies in its richness in ideas by which it strengthens and enlarges the mind. Science has such ideas in plenty, and history, and modern languages; but none of these subjects has them more richly than the classics. Their strength lies just in this width of range. They include much of the greatest poetry, philosophy, history, criticism, that the world has produced, and Greek in particular is the supreme embodiment of the true spirit of science, the resolve to question all things and see them as they really are. Hence it is no wonder that leaders of thought and action in every department of life have testified to their debt to the classics, that thousands of those who make no contribution to classical journals owe to them some of their keenest spiritual joys, and that millions benefit unconsciously by the influence which flows from this source.

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WHAT THE ORIENTAL ARTIST SEES [1]

BY FREDERICK W. GOOKIN

[This article, by one of the first Occidental authorities upon Oriental art, is the substance of a paper read before the Asiatic Society of Japan.]

At an exhibition in an American museum of paintings by some of the Chinese masters of the Sung dynasty I heard a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and cultivation say of a wonderful picture by Ma Yuan: 'After all, it is only a sort of sublimated tea-tray landscape.'

The mental attitude reflected by this slighting remark is not uncommon. It is found quite often among our Western artists. More than once have painters of landscape subjects said to me while looking at color prints by Hiroshige that are almost Western in their realism: 'I suppose they are very fine, but I cannot understand them.'

The reason for this outlook is not far to seek. It is based upon little that is more substantial than pure empiricism, and in large measure finds its justification in the misconception that no painting can have much merit as a work of art unless it is a faithful portrayal of all of the outward aspects of the subject-matter that our eyes can perceive. Those who hold this view of works of graphic art seldom see that it is incongruous when at the same time such things as tapestries, lace, brocades, embroideries, and the highly conventionalized grand opera are accepted without question as meritorious works of art. Accustomed things are taken for granted. For what degree of merit any that are strange may possess, no well-grounded criterion has been formed.

From a good composition nothing can be taken away and leave it equally good or better. Be it ever so little, redundancy is always and inevitably a fault. Overcrowding means lack of repose, and is therefore inharmonic. Art is in large measure a matter of sacrifice and emphasis, of leaving out some things to make others more prominent. And while simplicity is not an essential quality in works of art, the simpler they are the more clearly do all their qualities, their merits and their defects, stand forth.

Nowhere else are these essential qualities exemplified more strikingly than in the paintings by the old masters of China and Japan. This gives their best works such distinction that, in my opinion at least, many of them must be ranked among the finest paintings that have ever been produced. This is high praise, but I am far from being alone in deeming it praise to which they are justly entitled.

The feeling for harmonic relation that glorifies the paintings these great men gave to the world found expression also in the works of many of the lesser artists who were their contemporaries or successors, and in the works of other artists who were not painters, as for instance the architects of the fine old temples and the designers of gardens that are unmatched by few if any others, anywhere.

[1] From the *Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American daily), *July* 12

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This is shown in many ways. The impressiveness of the great avenues at Nikko, bordered by gigantic cryptomerias, and of such spaces as the forecourt between the San-mon and the Daibutsuden of Todaiji at Nara, is not due to chance, nor is it attributable to their spaciousness, although that undoubtedly helps. It is equally evident in the much smaller walled enclosures or courtyards of the tombs of the Tokugawa Shoguns in Uyeno Park, and may also be felt in rooms in private houses. The secret lies in their harmonic proportions; in the ratios of length to breadth, which must have been carefully calculated in each instance.

In the East, as in the West, paintings are so varied in character as well as in merit that few broad generalizations regarding them can be made. There are, however, three respects in which the Eastern works stand in a class by themselves. One is the extent to which elimination of unessentials has been carried. Another is their technique, of which direct brush-strokes and calligraphic outlines are the conspicuous features. The third is the way in which they reflect poetic feeling. All three are so intimately interrelated that they should be considered together, but a clearer view can perhaps be presented by taking them up separately.

The eliminations do not, as might be supposed, denote economy of effort. On the contrary, they come from long and patient training of both mind and hand to enable the artists to present the significant features and poetic relations of their chosen subjects in the most direct and impressive manner. The aim is to bring these into strong relief by sacrificing everything that may be in the slightest degree distracting or disturbing. It is to this end that such things as modeling, cast shadows, and reflected lights are omitted. The omission is intentional and does not imply lack of observation. In so far as it is considered desirable to indicate the omitted things, it is accomplished by *notan*, that is, by gradation of tone in the brush-strokes, which, in the hands of a master, are seldom of the same tone value throughout.

Especially in paintings done with *sumi*, that is, the so-called Chinese ink, is the notan regarded by Japanese and Chinese connoisseurs as of the greatest importance. Because figures are portrayed without anything back of or under them — that is, as one might say, without any visible means of support — it does not mean that they are supposed to be suspended in the air, as an American artist once said to me that they always appear to him in such pictures. What they do mean is that the observer is expected to consider the figures by themselves, quite apart from any surroundings. When the surroundings need to be taken into consideration they are not omitted, but are indicated with such fullness as the artist may think desirable and fitting.

Often the elimination is carried to such an extent that the picture becomes what at first sight seems to be the merest sketch. If done by an artist possessed of only ordinary skill it may indeed be nothing more, however much thought and feeling and painstaking effort may enter into it. But if done as only a great artist can do it, it may be a masterpiece of concentrated expression, and each of the few strokes that enter into it may be of the sort that the discerning connoisseur views with almost breathless awe and with rapturous delight.

One must share the feeling of the Far Eastern artist for subtle and expressive line, for delicacy of touch combined with strength, for carefully modulated curves, for tones of exquisitely varied

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intensity, and for the way in which each of these contributes to the resultant effect, if he is to be deeply thrilled by it. Few people in Western lands have had the training of hand as well as of mind that would make such an emotional reaction likely to be experienced. For the most part their education has taught them to look for other qualities which, quite naturally, they are apt to value more highly and to derive more pleasure from in consequence.

In China and in Japan, where every educated person learns to handle a brush to be able to write, ability to appreciate beautiful strokes is a normal development. So the paintings should be of the extremely simplified sort that only a master hand can achieve. And while color is not taboo, if used with much restraint, most Orientals of cultivated taste find greater joy in the contemplation of pictures done in monochrome with sumi.

The *sumi-ye*, as these pictures are called, are among the most characteristic of Far Eastern works of art. To excel in painting them great skill is requisite. As in writing the Chinese characters, so also in painting virtuosity in the handling of the brush counts for very much — far more indeed than does any degree of skill in handling either brush or other artist's tool as used in Western lands. No one is equipped to understand and enjoy Far Eastern paintings unless he can appreciate to the full the beauty of such brush-strokes abstractly considered. For one who is so equipped the joy of contemplating finely written Chinese characters is closely akin in kind and degree to that experienced in looking at pictures that delight him.

The poetic relations that find expression in paintings by the Far Eastern artists are of many kinds. However it may be to-day, in the olden time the aim of the painter was the reflection of these relations rather than accurate presentation of the outward appearance of the things he chose to depict. There were exceptions, of course, and often the adumbration was very shadowy. Still, to depict the poetic aspects of his subjects was the animating thought kept constantly before the artist's mind in all or nearly all that he did. One of the common manifestations of this is shown in the putting together of naturally associated things, such, for instance as plum blossoms and the uguisu, or bush warbler, commonly called the Japanese nightingale. Even more common is the coupling of things related to one another in well-known classic odes. So widely are many of these poems known that the faintest suggestion will often suffice to bring them to mind.

Historic events and legends are also called up in the same way. In Japan, for instance, a picture of a peach floating down a winding stream is all that is needed to recall the fairy tale of Momotaro, the little peachling; and similar instances could readily be given by the hundred.

Both the Chinese and the Japanese are deeply sentimental peoples. They love their respective countries; they are strongly attached to the thoughts, beliefs, and customs, to the social and religious observances, hallowed by the devotion of many generations of their ancestors. In Japan the background that these things supply is enriched by tales of historic events and heroic deeds, by a large body of folklore, legends, and traditions, by the romantic literature of the olden time, and the classic poetry that forms an important part of the intellectual heritage of all the educated people. Not even the most modernized and Westernized Japanese put this background far out of their lives. Consciously or un-

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consciously it enters into and colors their deepest thoughts and feelings.

To works of art that are in consonance with all that this background implies, and especially to those that harmonize with it in a quiet, subdued, and even elusive way, the term *shibui* is applied. The word has no equivalent in English. Tasteful is perhaps the nearest one. But besides that it signifies refinement, serenity, restraint, poetic quality, and the elegance in simplicity that Horace had in mind when he penned the phrase '*simplex munditiis.*' All these and more, yet always as they are related to the thoughts and feelings called up by the underlying background, I have endeavored briefly to set forth. It is disassociated from the concept of beauty. Though broad in its applications, often indefinite and illusory, nevertheless it cannot be applied to things that are devoid of color, nor to those that have too much of it. But soft, low-toned, harmonious hues are shibui, and so especially are the colors that are suggested in sumi-ye of fine quality.

From this it will be perceived that the message conveyed by the subject of a work of art enters largely into the appreciation in which it is held by Japanese connoisseurs. Seldom, however, do they make this mistake of placing too great relative value upon the message. If they may rightfully be called connoisseurs, they must see that, unless the subject has been beautifully and charmingly presented, the æsthetic value of the work will be negligible. In examining a picture the first thing to look at is the composition. Unless the forms, the lines, the colors, and the tones have been so coördinated and harmonized that the result is a beautiful and tranquil pattern, nothing else can count for very much. Then its vitality or the lack of it, the workmanship, and the congruity or incongruity of the various things that enter into the composition, need to be taken into account. If all of these fulfill the requirements of critical taste, then and then only should the subject be considered in forming one's verdict. That the subject of a work of art may be such as to enhance greatly its merit is, however, unquestionable. It is equally unquestionable that it may utterly condemn it, whatever may be its artistic merit apart from its subject.

That all of the paintings by the old masters of China and Japan fulfill the requirements of exacting taste I do not claim. Not even the greatest of the great artists anywhere in the world was always at his best. And they had their shortcomings, such as deficient anatomical knowledge and ignorance of the laws of linear perspective. Though these distress many Western observers, in my opinion they are so far outweighed by the conspicuous merits of their works that they count for little in the summing up. Seldom do they trouble those who have come to feel the power and charm of the higher qualities in these works. They regret them, of course, and because of them there are works that must be put in the category of failures. Fortunately the subjects of a majority of the pictures that are most admired called for little, if any, knowledge of either anatomy or linear perspective on the part of the artists who painted them.

In these pictures we find that the placing of the figures on the field is done with the greatest care, even the shape of the uncovered surface, its proportions, and its relation to the figures, whether of living creatures or of inanimate forms, being taken into consideration. The shape and proportions of the field itself are also matters that receive painstaking thought.

Any general comparison of the relative merit of Far Eastern and Western

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paintings is impossible, partly because no logical basis exists or can exist for the comparison of unlike things. Moreover, the evaluation would have to be restricted to individual works if it could justly be made at all; and, furthermore, it would be humanly impossible to prevent personal preferences from negativing the validity of the conclusions.

Having made this disclaimer, I wish to say that I cannot imagine a Japanese artist of any distinction deliberately choosing for his pictures the square fields which for some time past have been the fashion in Europe and in America. He would feel instinctively that the ratio of one to one is not harmonic. He would feel also that the placing of his signature is not a thing to regard lightly. Many reasons have been assigned to account for the absence of signatures upon old paintings which by the indubitable evidence of their quality show that they must be the work of artists of more than average ability. In some instances it is probable that they were painted for dignitaries who might have taken offense had signatures been appended without their specific request. But, unless I am greatly mistaken, there are many other instances in which the artist felt that there was no place where a signature could be placed without detriment to the composition, or, in other words, without adding a feature that if taken away would make the composition better.

Either instinctive or sedulously cultivated feeling for all the niceties of composition is a necessary part of the mental equipment of every great artist. Because so many of the Chinese and Japanese masters have had this it is reflected not only in their works but in many works by less distinguished men. The more eminent of the artists of the Ukiyoe School had it in high degree, and it is this as much as anything else that entitles them to an honorable place in the list of the artists of whose attainments the Japanese people may justly be proud. With some of them the feeling for rhythmic line composition was remarkably fine. May I suggest that when next you have an opportunity to examine good specimens of Hiroshige's color prints of *Kwacho*, or flower-bird subjects, you note how he often puts the birds into such positions that their forms repeat with comparatively little difference the forms of the flowers. And in the actor portraits by Katsukawa Shunsho you will find many delightful examples of rhythmic line. In one notable print that comes to my mind he depicted the fifth Ichikwa Danjuro in a *Shibaraku* act, in a composition built up of ingeniously modified variations of the square. I mention this particularly, having called your attention to the unharmonic proportions of the square. But Shunsho overcame this by depicting the square as it was transformed by the curves and folds of the actor's garments, or by having the corners cut off, as in the case of the man of the Nakamura Theatre that he placed in the background; and he played with it so skillfully that the resulting composition is truly symphonic.

Another notable instance of what rhythmic drawing can impart to a picture is shown in a painting by the early master, Tosa Nagataka, on a pair of screens that are in an important private collection that I have been privileged to see. The subject is a game of football played by court nobles, and in waiting, seated behind a *maku*, is a group of their *toneri*, dressed in white robes and black *eboshi*, one of them stretching out his arms and yawning, the others nodding their heads and hardly able to keep awake. The black hats of the seated figures are so placed

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in relation to each other that the effect, as in the case of the Shunsho print, can only be described in words as musical.

This inadequacy of words unaccompanied by visible illustration is even more pronounced when one tries to say anything about style. Yet style is the hallmark of the great artist. It is the distinctive quality that more than any other makes the paintings by such artists as Nagataka, Sesshu, Shubun, Keishoki, Soami, Kano Motonobu, Kano Yasunobu, Kano Eitoku, Ogata Korin, Hishikawa Moronobu, Torii Kiyonaga, and Ando Hiroshige, to name only a few of the Japanese masters, and by Wu Taotzu, Hsia Kuei, Ma Yuan, Mu Chih, Yen Hui (called Ganki in Japan), and many others of the old Chinese masters, stand forth so conspicuously. It is the quality that enables one who is familiar with an artist's paintings to recognize his handiwork without looking at the signature if there is one. Often when a kakemono is slowly unrolled will the identity of the artist be revealed when only a small portion of the picture is exposed — even it may be when no more than a few strokes are shown.

Of originality in works of art and comments upon the lack of it we hear much. The artists who deliberately seek it rarely, if ever, find it. The truth is that the only originality that counts for anything worth while is found in style — that is, in the unconscious expression of his individuality with which an artist stamps his works. If, while developing this individuality, he holds to the standard set for him by the immutable laws that the essential qualities of works of art imply, he can hardly fail to achieve some distinction, and may possibly attain to a place among the immortals. It is because many of the artists of China and Japan belong in this category that I rate the æsthetic value of Far Eastern works of art — not all of them by any means, but the finest among them — very high indeed. And what is more, I know of no others from which a greater degree of unalloyed æsthetic delight can be derived.

THE ENTERPRISE OF WRITING A BOOK[1]

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

THE national English novelist seldom regards his work — the exercise of his art — as an achievement of active life by which he will produce certain definite effects upon the emotions of his readers, but simply as an instinctive, often unreasoned, outpouring of his own emotions. He does not go about building up his book with a precise intention and a steady mind. It never occurs to him that a book is a deed, that the writing of it is an enterprise as much as the conquest of a colony. He has no such clear conception of his craft. Writing from a full heart, he liberates his soul for the satisfaction of his own sentiment; and when he has finished the scene he is at liberty to strike his forehead and exclaim, 'This is genius!'

[1] From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London popular journal), *August* 1

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Thackeray is reported to have done this, and there is no reason why any novelist of his type should not. He is, as a matter of fact, writing lyrically (a lyric is the expression of a mood); he is expressing his own moods. 'I take what the gods give me,' he says in all humility, and when the godhead inspires him with what seems good to his heart, to his imagination, to his tenderness, or to his indignation, he may say, and use the words literally, 'This is genius!'

It is. And it is probably the reason why the distinctively English novelist is always at his best in denunciations of institutions, of types, or of conventionalized society.

It is comparatively easy for us, when we are really moved by the clearness of our vision, to convince an audience that Messrs. A, B, and C are callous, ferocious, or cowardly. We should have to use much more conscious art to give a permanent impression of those gentlemen as purely altruist.

Thus Mr. Osborne, the hard merchant, father of Captain Osborne, is more definite and flawless than many of Thackeray's so-called good characters; and thus Mr. Pecksniff is, through scorn and dislike, rendered more memorable than the brothers Cheeryble. It is not perhaps so much that these distinguished writers were completely incapable of loving their fellow men simply as men, exposed to suffering, temptation, and affliction, as that, neglecting the one indispensable thing, neglecting to use their powers of selection and observation, they emotionally excelled in rendering the disagreeable. And that is easy. To find beauty, grace, charm, in the bitterness of truth is a graver task.

Thackeray, we imagine, did not love his gentle heroines. He did not love them; he was in love with the sentiments they represented. He was, in fact, in love with what does not exist — and that is why Amelia Osborne does not exist, either in color, in shape, in grace, or in goodness. Turgenev probably did not love his Lisa, a most pathetic, pure, charming, and profound creation, for what she was, in her creator's mind. He loved her disinterestedly, as it were, out of pure warmth of heart, as a human being in the tumult and hazard of life. And that is why we must feel, suffer, and live with that wonderful creation. That is why she is as real to us as her stupid mother, as the men of the story, as the sombre Varvard, and all the others that may be called the unpleasant characters in the *House of Gentlefolk*.

I have been reading two books in English which have attracted a good deal of intelligent attention, but neither seems to have been considered as attentively as it might have been from this point of view. The one, *The Island Pharisees*, by Mr. John Galsworthy, is a very good example of the national novel; the other, *Green Mansions*, by Mr. W. H. Hudson, is a proof that love, the pure love of rendering the external aspects of things, can exist side by side with the national novel in English letters.

Mr. Galsworthy's hero in *The Island Pharisees*, during his pilgrimage right across the English social system, asks himself: 'Why? Why is not the world better? Why are we all humbugs? Why is the social system so out of order?' And he gets no answer to his questions, for, indeed, in his mood no answer is possible; neither is an answer needed for the absolute value of the book. Shelton is dissatisfied with his own people, who are good people, with artists, whose 'at homes' he drops into, with marriage settlements and wedding services, with cosmopolitan vagabonds, with Oxford dons,

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with policemen — with himself and his love.

The exposition of all the characters in the book is done with an almost unerring touch, with a touch indeed that recalls the sureness and the delicacy of Turgenev's handling. They all live — and Mr. Galsworthy, or rather his hero, John Shelton, finds them all Pharisaic. It is as if he were championing against all these 'good' people some intangible lost cause, some altruism, some higher truth that forever seems to soar out of his grasp. It is not exactly that Shelton is made to uphold the bitter morality of the cosmopolitan vagabond; for Mr. Galsworthy is too good an artist and too good a philosopher to make his Louis Ferrand impossibly attractive or even possibly cynical.

Shelton upholds not so much the fact as the ideal of honest revolt; he is the knight-errant of a general idea. Therein he ceases to resemble the other heroes of English fiction who are the champions of particular ideas, tilting sometimes at windmills (for the human power of self-deception is great), but with a particular foe always in their eye. Shelton distinctly does not couch his lance against a windmill. He is a knight-errant, disarmed and faithful, riding forlorn to an inevitable defeat; his adversary is a giant of a thousand heads and thousand arms, a monster at once perfectly human and altogether soulless. Though nobody dies in the book, it is really the record of a long and tragic adventure whose tragedy is not so much in the event as in the very atmosphere, in the cold moral dusk in which the hero moves as if impelled by some fatal whisper without a sword, corselet, or helmet.

Amadis de Gaul would have struck a head off and counted it a doughty deed; Dickens would have flung himself upon pen and paper and made a caricature of the monster — would have flung at him an enormous joke vibrating with the stress of cheap emotions; Shelton, no legendary knight, and being no humorist (but, like many simpler men, impelled by the destiny he carries within his breast), goes forth to be delivered, bound hand and foot, to the monster by his charming and limited Antonia. He is classed as an outsider by the men in the best clubs, and his prospective mother-in-law tells him not to talk about things. He comes to grief socially because, in a world which everyone is interested to go on calling the best of all possible worlds, he has insisted upon touchina in challenge all the shields hung before all the comfortable tents: the immaculate shield of his fiancée, of his mother-in-law, of the best men in the best clubs. He gets himself called and thought of as Unsound; and there in his social world the monster has made an end of him.

This is the end of the book; and with it there comes into the world of letters the beginning of Mr. Galsworthy as a novelist. For, paradoxically, a society that could not stand a Hamlet in the flesh at any price will read about him and welcome him on the stage to the end of its own incorrigible existence. This book, where each page lives with an interest of its own, has for its only serious artistic defect that of not being long enough, and for its greatest quality that of a sincere feeling of compassionate regard for mankind expressed nationally through a fine indignation. Of the promise of its method, of the accomplished felicity of its phrasing, I have left myself no room to speak.

The innermost heart of 'Green Mansions,' which are the forests of Mr. Hudson's book, is tender, is tranquil, is steeped in that pure love of the external beauty of things that seems to breathe upon us from the pages of Turgenev's work. The charming quiet-

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ness of the style soothes the hard irritation of our daily life in the presence of a fine and sincere, of a deep and pellucid, personality. If the other book's gift is lyric, *Green Mansions* comes to us with the tone of the elegy. There are the voices of the birds, the shadows of the forest leaves, the Indians gliding through them armed with their blowpipes, the monkeys peering sadly from above, the very spiders! The birds search for insects; spiders hunt their prey.

'Now as I sat looking down on the leaves and the small dancing shadow, scarcely thinking of what I was looking at, I noticed a small spider with a flat body and short legs creep cautiously out on to the upper surface of a small leaf. Its pale-red color, barred with velvet black, first drew my attention to it; for it was beautiful to the eye. . . .'

'It was beautiful to the eye,' so it drew the attention of Mr. Hudson's hero. In that phrase dwells the very soul of the book, whose voice is soothing like a soft voice speaking steadily among the vivid changes of a dream. Only you must note that the spider had come to hunt its prey, having mistaken the small dancing shadow for a fly, because it is there in the fundamental difference of vision lies the difference between book and book. The other type of novelist might say: 'It attracted my attention because it was savage and cruel and beautiful only to the eye. And I have written of it here so that it may be hated and laughed at forever. For of course, being greedy and rapacious, it was stupid also, mistaking a shadow for substance, like certain evil men we have heard of, that go about crying up the excellence of the world.'

THE GLASGOW ZOUAVES[1]

BY J. GIBBONS

An odd battalion it was, with an odd story in which tragedy ever marched with broadest farce. Highlanders we know, big brawny men with bare knees, and we think of the skirling pipes and the twitching kilts. And Irish we know, as fine fighting-men as ever the world can show. And of Zouaves, if our eyes have not seen them, at least we have heard tell of them. Big-moustached fellows, baggy as to the trousers, and handy with the knife. So at least runs the legend of story and picture.

But who are these! Highlanders with scarce a Highland man in the ranks, Irishmen in kilts, the Pope's Own Glasgow Zouaves. One is reminded of the hero of another war, who, pressed as to preference for any particular corps, asked but for a kilt and horse, and all regiments were alike to his warrior soul. And through all the farce, the red thread of tragedy is woven into the forgotten tale.

The fateful years immediately preceding the fall of Papal Rome saw sympathies in this country sharply divided. On the one hand the forces of Garibaldi were strengthened by English volunteers and English subscriptions. One such volunteer, by the way, enjoyed the peculiar reputation of having enlisted from purely scientific motives. With sympathies on neither side, the 'Man-

[1] From the *Universe* (London Roman Catholic weekly), *July* 17

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killer,' as he was generally known, had seized the war simply as a glorious opportunity for testing types of rifles and ammunition under severely practical conditions, without exposing himself to the usual disagreeableness of a trial for murder!

The other side, too, had its subscription lists for the Papal arms, — one account was opened with a London bank in the name of St. Peter and St. Michael, — and a good many Englishmen were serving with the Roman forces. Indeed, a year or so in the Papal Zouaves was looked upon as rather the finishing touch to the education of a young English Catholic of family, and at least at one time enough of such were barracked in Rome to consider the feasibility of a cricket club!

The movement spread, and the dispatch of a regular Legion from Glasgow was proposed, the original founder of the idea being Bishop Gordon's uncle, the late William Fletcher Gordon, who had recently retired as Major from the Bombay Army. Volunteers flocked in by the score to the banner of the beleaguered Pope, and so many were the offers of service that prospective recruits had to be selected by their parish priests for the honor of enlistment. Under such conditions the original scheme for a Highland Legion became swamped by the mass of Glasgow Catholic 'Irishry,' and though the theory was kept up by the marches of kilted men with pipes, the outside press could afford to poke fun at the parades of Highland Irish.

There was money and to spare, and the men were transported to London, Paris, and Rome at the cost of the Committee. The Foreign Enlistment Act had yet to come, and no secrecy had to be observed. Indeed, London was treated to the sight of the foreguard of the Legion, under Major Gordon, marching ceremonially through its streets. Fine men they were, the papers said, many of them over six feet tall. The Holy See might well have been proud of defenders so gallant.

Unhappily, however, with arrival at Rome the tragedy commenced. Misunderstanding, complications of pay in foreign money, racial feelings, social distinctions, all united to kill the Legion. On the one hand was the handful of English aristocrats serving in the Papal forces, and on the other the hundred and twenty-five or so Irish, and not even the common faith could bridge a gulf so vast of politics and caste.

Nor were the newcomers to the Eternal City without internal troubles of their own. Roman pay of a nominal one shilling and fivepence a week presented natural difficulties to men used to other standards of money. And the Italian officers on their side seem to have found trouble in dealing with recruits of an alien tongue and race, till in the end, as a substitute for martial exercise, the 'Highland Zouaves' found themselves put to the necessary but inglorious toil of cleaning out the city sewers.

Under such conditions the end was inevitable. A proportion of the men were sent home en masse, while the others were split up among various companies. In twos and threes, however, they drifted away, till at last the Roman Armies were practically free of the 'foreign body' that, with the best of intentions, had proved so intense an irritation.

So ended a disastrous experiment. On the ruins of its failure was built the decision of the Papal authorities never again to accept foreign recruits, save those able and willing to pay their own charges, and it was on this basis that six or seven Englishmen who later figured in the casualty lists fell fighting at Mentana.

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Regulations for pedestrians have become so complicated that only Professor Einstein ventures on the street. — *Kladderadatsch*, Berlin

'Who was your last employer?'
'I worked for the family of Señor Peréz.'
'What kind of man is he?'
'I don't know. He was at his office when I started, nd had n't got back when I quit.'
— *El Universal*, Mexico

'Why are you working overtime on this road?'
''Cos it 's got ter come up again on Monday!'
— *Passing Show*, London

'What are you crying about?'
'A brute just told me I 'm descended from an Amerie n.' — *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

MIXING THE NUMBERS
The telephone girl takes over the hatroom trick.
— *Opinion*, London

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PASCAL[1]

BY LEV TOLSTOI

[DURING the last years of his life Tolstoi compiled a selection of passages, mostly from non-Russian writers, which he called *A Circle of Reading*. As it consisted chiefly of translations into Russian, it escaped translation from the Russian. But it so happens that it contains this article by Tolstoi himself on Pascal — an essay by the greatest Russian religious thinker of the nineteenth century on the greatest French religious thinker of the seventeenth. It is probably the only completed article of Tolstoi's, written for publication, that has not yet been translated. The article was written in 1906.]

No passion holds man so long in its grip or hides so completely, sometimes to the very end, the vanity of temporal, worldly life, and none so removes man from an understanding of human life and its true well-being, as the passion for human fame in whatever form it may manifest itself: petty vanity, ambition, or love of fame.

Every vice bears within it its own punishment, and the sufferings that accompany its satisfaction expose its worthlessness. Moreover, all other vices weaken with the years, but love of fame increases as the years go by. Above all, desire for worldly fame is always connected with the thought of the service of man, and a man when he is seeking the approval of others may easily deceive himself into thinking that he is living not for himself but for the good of those whose approval he seeks. And therefore this most crafty and dangerous passion is more difficult than any other to uproot. Only men of great spiritual strength free themselves from it. Great spiritual strength makes it possible for such men rapidly to attain great fame, and that same spiritual strength enables them to perceive its worthlessness.

Such a man was Pascal. And such also was Gogol, a Russian who was akin to him. (I think it was through Gogol that I understood Pascal.) Both of them, though they possessed quite different qualities and quite different passions and range of mind, went through the same experience. They both very quickly attained the fame they passionately desired. Having attained it they both immediately understood the vanity of what had seemed to them the highest and most precious blessing in the world. They were both horrified at the temptation in the power of which they found themselves. They employed the whole strength of their souls to show people all the horror of the error from which they had just escaped, and the greater their disillusionment the more urgent seemed to them the necessity of finding a purpose in life which nothing could destroy.

This was the cause of the passionate attitude toward faith both of the Russian Gogol and of Pascal; and in this lay the cause of their disregard for the work they had previously accomplished. All *that* had been done for fame. And fame passed, and there had been nothing in it but deception; therefore all that had been done for its at-

[1] From the *Adelphi* (London literary monthly), *August*

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tainment had been unnecessary and insignificant. Only one thing was important — that which they had lacked, that which had been veiled by the worldly desire for fame. Only one thing was important and necessary — a faith which gives meaning to our transitory life and firm direction to all its activities. And this consciousness of the necessity of faith, and of the impossibility of living without it, so strikes such men that they cannot but be amazed how they themselves, and people in general, can live without a faith explaining to them the meaning of their life and of the death that awaits them. And becoming conscious of this, such men direct the whole strength of their mind and soul to saving people from the terrible error from which they have themselves just escaped, and to showing them that without faith it is impossible to live — that only faith saves. And they try to snatch out of people's hands the screen which, as Pascal says, they hold before themselves while running toward the precipice.

Such a man was Pascal, and in this lies his great, inestimable, and much undervalued, service.

Pascal was born at Clermont in 1623. His father was a well-known mathematician. The boy, as all children do, imitated his father in early childhood, and occupied himself with mathematics, showing extraordinary capacity. His father, not wishing to develop the boy too prematurely, did not give him mathematical books; but young Pascal listened to his father's conversation with his mathematical acquaintances and began himself to invent a geometry The father, seeing these works, which were quite extraordinary for a boy, was so struck that he went into ecstasies and wept from emotion, and from that time began to teach his son mathematics.

The boy soon not only assimilated what his father showed him, but began to make independent discoveries in mathematics. His success drew to him the attention, not only of his neighbors, but of the learned; and Pascal while very young became known as a remarkable mathematician. His fame, as one who despite his youth was an eminent scientist, encouraged him in his studies, his remarkable powers made it possible for him to increase his great fame, and he devoted his whole time and strength to scientific occupations and investigations. But his health had been weak from childhood. Intense study weakened it still more, and while still a youth he had a serious illness.

After his illness, at his father's request, he reduced his studies to two hours a day and employed his free time in reading philosophical works. He read Epictetus, Descartes, and Montaigne's Essays. Montaigne's book struck him particularly. It revolted him by its skepticism and indifference to religion. Pascal had always been religious, and in a childish way believed the Catholic teaching in which he had been brought up. Montaigne's book suggested doubts to his mind, obliging him to think about questions of faith, and in particular to consider how far faith is necessary for man's rational life; and he began to be still stricter with himself in the fulfillment of religious duties, and read, besides philosophical works, books of a religious character. Among them he came upon the work of a Dutch theologian, Jansen, *The Reconstruction of the Inner Man*.

In this book there was a discussion as to whether, besides the lusts of the flesh, there is not also a lust of the spirit, consisting in the satisfaction of man's inquisitive passions, at the basis of which there lies the same thing as in all other lusts — egotism and self-love; and whether such refined lust does not

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remove a man, more than all else, from God.

This book struck Pascal greatly. With the sincerity natural to great souls, he felt the truth of this discussion in relation to himself. And although to renounce scientific occupations and the fame attached to them was for him a great privation, or just because it was a great privation, he decided to abandon the scientific interests which tempted him, and to direct his whole energy to clearing up for himself and for others those questions of faith which now occupied him more and more.

Nothing is known of Pascal's relations to women, or what influence the love of woman had on his life. His biographers, on the strength of his short composition, *Discours sur le passion de l'amour*, — in which he says that the greatest happiness attainable by man, love, is a pure spiritual feeling, and should serve as the source of all that is elevated and noble, — come to the conclusion that Pascal, in his youth, was in love with a woman who stood above him socially and did not respond to his love. At any rate, if there was such a love, it had no result on Pascal's life. The chief interests in his young life consisted in the struggle between his striving toward scientific occupations and the fame they gave him, and his consciousness of the emptiness and insignificance of such occupations and the harmfulness of the temptation of love of fame, and his wish to devote his whole strength entirely to the service of God.

For instance, at the period of his life when he had already determined to renounce scientific occupations, he happened to read Torricelli's *Investigation of Vacuum*. Feeling that this question was incorrectly decided and that a more exact definition was possible, Pascal could not refrain from a desire to verify those experiments. While verifying them he made his famous discovery of the weight of the atmosphere. This discovery attracted the attention of the whole scientific world. The learned wrote to him, visited him, and praised him. And the struggle against the temptation of worldly fame became still more difficult.

As part of that struggle Pascal wore a belt with nails turned inward, and every time that it seemed to him, on reading or hearing praise of himself, that the feelings of vanity and pride rose within him he pressed the belt into his side with his elbow, the nails pierced his flesh, and he remembered that whole process of thought and feeling which diverted him from the temptation of fame.

In 1651 an event occurred to Pascal which might seem unimportant but which produced a great effect upon him and had a great influence on his spiritual condition. On the Bridge of Neuilly he fell from a carriage and was within a hair's breadth of death. At the same time his father died. This double reminder of death caused Pascal, more even than before, to concentrate on the problems of life and death. A religious direction dominated his life more and more, so that in 1655 he quite retired from the world. He joined the Jansenist Society of Port Royal, and began to live an almost monastic life there, meditating on and preparing a great work in which he intended to show, first, the indispensability of religion for a rational human life, and secondly, the validity of the religion which he himself professed.

But here again the temptation of human fame met him. The Jansenist Society of Port Royal, in which he lived, had provoked the enmity of the powerful Jesuit Order, and as a result of Jesuit intrigues the men's and women's schools established at Port Royal were closed and the convent of Port Royal itself

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was in danger of being closed. Living among the Jansenists and sharing their opinions, Pascal could not remain indifferent to the position of his cobelievers, and he was so carried away by the dispute with the Jesuits that he wrote a book in defense of the Jansenists, which he called *Les Lettres Provinciales*.

In this work Pascal did not so much justify and defend the teachings of the Jansenists as indict their enemies, the Jesuits, by exposing the immorality of their teaching. The book had great success, but this fame could no longer tempt Pascal. His whole life was already a constant service of God.

He drew up for himself rules of life which he followed strictly, deviating from them neither from idleness nor from illness. Poverty he considered a fundamental virtue. 'In poverty and destitution,' he said, 'there is not only no evil, but there is even great good. Christ was poor and destitute, and had not where to lay his head.'

Giving away all he had to the poor, Pascal lived in such a manner that he possessed only the necessaries of life. He managed as far as possible without a servant, having only one when he was himself too ill to move. His dwelling was of the very simplest, as also was his food and clothing. He arranged his room himself, and fetched his own dinner. His illness increased, and he suffered unceasingly, but he endured his sufferings, not only with a patience that astonished those around him, but even with gladness and thankfulness. 'Do not pity me,' he said to those who condoled with him on his condition; 'sickness is the natural condition of a Christian, for in that state he is such as he should always be. It accustoms him to the deprivation of all sensuous blessings and pleasures, teaches him to refrain from the passions that oppress man all his life, and to be free from avarice, and always in expectation of death.'

The luxury with which relatives who loved him tried to surround him oppressed him. He asked his sister to move him into a hospital for incurables that he might pass his last days with them; but his sister did not carry out his wish, and he died at her house. In his last hours he was unconscious. Only just before the very end he raised himself from his bed and with a clear and joyful expression said: 'Leave me not, O Lord!' Those were his last words. He died on August 19, 1662.

Man needs two beliefs for his well-being; the one is faith that an explanation of the meaning of life exists, and the other is supplied by the discovery of the best explanation of life. Pascal accomplished the first of these better than anyone else. Fate, God, did not permit him to accomplish the other. As a man dying of thirst jumps at the water which is before him without examining its quality, so Pascal, without examining the quality of the Catholic faith he had been brought up in, saw in it the truth and the salvation of man. It is enough that it is water; it was enough that it was faith.

It goes without saying that no one has a right to say what might have been, but it is impossible to imagine Pascal, with his genius and his sincerity toward himself, believing in Catholicism had he examined it. He had no time to submit it to that stress of thought which he directed to the proof of the indispensability of faith, and therefore in his soul dogmatic Catholicism remained whole. Without touching it he rested upon it. He rested on what was, and is, true in it. He accepted from it an intense labor of self-perfectionment, a struggle against temptation, an aversion to wealth, and a firm belief in the

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mercy of God, to Whom he submitted his soul when dying.

He died after accomplishing only a part of his work — without accomplishing, or even beginning, the other part. But because the second was not done, the first is not less precious — *Les Pensées*, collected from detached scraps of paper on which the sick and dying Pascal had jotted down his thoughts. The fate of that book was wonderful.

A prophetic book appears — the crowd stands in amaze, struck by the power of the prophetic word, agitated, wishing to understand, to clear up, and to know what to do.

And one of those people comes who, as Pascal says, think they know, and therefore confuse the world. Such people come and say: 'There is nothing here to understand, to elucidate; it is all very simple. This Pascal (it was the same with Gogol), as you see, believed in the Trinity, in the sacraments. It is evident that he was a sick man, abnormal, and therefore, owing to his weakness and illness, he understand everything upside down. The best proof of this is that he rejected and renounced even the good he himself had done and that we approve of (because understand it), and that he attributed great importance to quite useless "mystic" discussions about the destiny of man and about a future life. Therefore we must accept from him, not what he himself considered important, but what we can understand and what pleases us.'

And the crowd is glad. At first it did not understand, and was called on for an effort to reach the height to which Pascal wished to raise it; but now everything is simple. Pascal discovered the law by which pumps are made. Pumps are very useful, and this was very good; but all he said about God and immortality was rubbish, because he believed in the Trinity and in the Bible. We need make no effort to rise to his level; on the contrary, from the height of our normality we can patronizingly and condescendingly acknowledge his merits, despite his abnormality.

Pascal shows us that men without religion are either animals or madmen; he rubs their noses in their abominations and insanities and shows them that no science can replace religion. But Pascal believed in God, in the Trinity, in the Bible, and therefore for them it is a settled matter that what he told them about the insanity of their life and the vanity of science is untrue. That same science, that same vanity of life, that same insanity, which were so unanswerably explained to them, they consider to be real life, truth; but Pascal's reasoning they consider to be the fruit of his sick abnormality. They cannot deny the power of this man's thoughts and words, and they place him among the classics, but the content of his books is not wanted by them. It seems to them that they themselves stand immeasurably above the highest condition of religious consciousness to which man can attain, and to which Pascal did attain, and so the importance of his wonderful book is hopelessly hidden from them.

But the light shines even in the darkness, and there are people who, without sharing Pascal's faith in Catholicism, still understand that despite his great intellect he could believe in Catholicism, preferring to believe in it rather than not to believe in anything, and who also understand the meaning of his wonderful book which irrefutably proves the necessity of faith and the impossibility of a human life without a faith — that is, without a definite, firm relation of man to the world and to its origin.

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MY SCHOOL[1]

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

I HAVE been told that you would like to hear of the educational mission I have taken up, but it will be difficult for me to give you a distinct idea of my institution, which has grown gradually during the last twenty-four years. With it my own mind has grown and my own ideal of education has come to its fullness, so slowly and so naturally that I find it difficult now to analyze and put it before you.

The first question you may all ask is: what urged me to take up education? I had spent most of my time in literary pursuits till I was forty or more. I had never any desire to take my part in practical work, because I had a rooted conviction in my mind that I had not the gift. Perhaps you know the facts, or shall I make a confession? When I was thirteen, I finished going to school. I do not want to boast about it; I merely give it to you as an historical fact.

So long as I was forced to do so, I felt the torture of going to school unsupportable. I often used to count the years that must pass before I should find my freedom. My elder brothers had passed through their academic career and were engaged in life, each in his own way. How I used to envy them when, after a hurried meal in the morning, I found the inevitable carriage, which took us to school, ready at the gate. How I wished that, by some magical spell, I could cross the intervening fifteen or twenty years and suddenly become a grown-up man. I afterward realized that what then weighed on my mind was the unnatural pressure of the system of education that prevailed everywhere.

Children's minds are sensitive to the influence of the great world to which they have been born. Their subconscious mind is active, always imbibing some lesson, and with it realizing the joy of knowing. This sensitive receptivity of their passive mind helps them, without their feeling any strain, to master language, that most complex and difficult instrument of expression, full of ideas that are undefinable and symbols that deal with abstractions. And through their natural gift of guessing they learn the meaning of words that we cannot explain.

But it is just at this critical period that the child's life is brought into the educational factory — lifeless, colorless, dissociated from the context of the universe, within bare white walls staring like eyeballs of the dead. We had the God-given gift of taking delight in the world, but such delightful activity was fettered and imprisoned, stilled by a force called discipline which kills the sensitivity of the child mind, the mind which is always on the alert, restless and eager to receive first-hand knowledge from Mother Nature. We had to sit inert, like dead specimens of some museum, while lessons were pelted at us from on high, like hailstones on flowers.

I rebelled, young as I was. Of course this was an awful thing for a child to do — the child of a respectable family! My elders did not know how to deal

[1] From the *Modern Review* (Calcutta literary and current-affairs monthly), *May*

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with this phenomenon. They tried all kinds of persuasion, vigorous and gentle, until at last I was despaired of and set free. Through the joy of my freedom, I felt a real urging to teach myself. I undertook the task of playing schoolmaster to myself, and found it to be a delightful game. I pored over any books that came my way, — not school-selected textbooks that I did not understand, — and I filled up the gaps of understanding out of my own imagination. The result may have been quite different from the author's meaning, but the activity itself had its own special value.

At the age of twelve I was first coerced into learning English. You will admit that neither its spelling nor its syntax is perfectly rational. The penalty for this I had to pay, without having done anything to deserve it, with the exception of being born ignorant.

When in the evening time my English teacher used to come, with what trepidation I waited! I would be yearning to go to my mother and ask her to tell me a fairy story, but instead I had to go and get my textbook, with its unprepossessing black binding, and chapters of lessons, followed by rows of separate syllables with accent marks like soldiers' bayonets. As for that teacher, I can never forgive him. He was so inordinately conscientious! He insisted on coming every single evening — there never seemed to be either illness or death in his family. He was so preposterously punctual, too. I remember how the fascination for the frightful attracted me every evening to the terrace facing the road; and, just at the right moment, his umbrella — for bad weather never prevented his coming — would appear at the bend of our lane.

One day I discovered, in a library belonging to one of my brothers, a copy of Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*. I persisted in reading it, and, with the help of the illustrations supplemented by contributions made by my own imagination, I made out some kind of story. In this manner, with no help from any teacher, but just as a child learns by sheer guessing, I went on reading and reading and a twilight atmosphere of colorful vision was produced in my mind.

This was the experience of my own young days, and I believe that a large part of such success or reputation I may have acquired I owe to that early freedom, won with willfulness.

In our childhood we imbibe our lessons with the aid of our whole body and mind, with all the senses fully active and eager. When we are sent to school, the doors of natural information are closed to us: our eyes see the letters, our ears hear the abstract lessons, not the perpetual stream of ideas which form the heart of Nature, because the teachers in their wisdom think that these bring distraction, that they have no great purpose behind them.

When we accept any discipline for ourselves, we try to avoid taking in anything except what is necessary for our purpose; and it is this purposefulness, which belongs to the adult mind, that we force upon the children in school. We say, 'Never keep your mind alert, attend to what is before you, what has been given you.' This becomes torture to the child, because it goes against Nature's purpose, and Nature, the greatest of all teachers, is thwarted at every stop by the human teacher who belives in machine-made lessons and not in the lessons of life, so that the whole growth of the child's mind is not only hurt but forcibly spoiled.

I believe that children should be surrounded with the things of Nature, which have their own educational

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value. Their minds should be allowed to stumble on and be surprised at everything that happens in the life of to-day. The new to-morrow will stimulate their attention with new facts of life. This is the best method for the child. But what happens in school is that every day, at the same hour, the same book is brought and poured out for him. His attention is never hit by the chance surprises which come from learning from Nature.

How quickly the child, left to himself, is capable of gathering facts! In its early days it is always picking them up; and even if, for the time being, it does not grasp all their meaning, yet, because of the immense receptiveness of the subconscious memory, nothing that passes across the mind really ever leaves it. Our grown-up mind is always full of the things we have to arrange and deal with, and therefore the things that happen around us, the coming of morning, celebrated with music and flowers, leave no mark upon us. We do not allow them to, for our minds are really crowded. The stream of lessons perpetually flowing from the heart of Nature does not touch us; we merely choose those which are useful, rejecting the rest as undesirable because we want the shortest cut to success.

Children have no such distractions. With them every new fact or event comes to a mind that is always open, with an abundant hospitality; and, through this exuberant, indiscriminate acceptance, they learn innumerable facts within a very short time, amazing compared with our own slowness. These are most important lessons of life which are thus learned, and what is still more wonderful is that the greater part of them are abstract truths. I cannot even imagine how it is possible for a child to understand abstract ideas through mere guessing, to master that most complex organism of expression, our language, while its mind is so immature.

Knowing something of the natural school which Nature herself supplies to all her creatures, I chose a delightful spot and used to hold my classes under some big shady tree. I taught them all I could. I played with them. In the evening I recited our ancient epics and sang my own songs. I trusted to the presence of the spirit of freedom in the atmosphere. I had to fight the teachers who assisted me, who had been brought up in a different environment to that of mine, who had no faith in freedom, who believed that it was impertinence for the boys to be boys.

Then I tried to create an atmosphere of culture. I invited renowned artists from the city to live at the school, leaving them free to produce their own work, which I allowed the boys and girls to watch if they felt so inclined. It was the same with my own work. All the time I was composing songs and poems, and would often invite the teachers round, to sing or read with them. Our boys would also come, and peep in since they were not invited, and listen to the poems and songs fresh from the heart of their composer. This helped to create an atmosphere from which they could imbibe something impalpable, but life-giving.

We have there the open beauty of the sky, and the different seasons revolve before our eyes in all the magnificence of their color. Through this perfect touch with Nature we took the opportunity of instituting festivals of the seasons. When Nature herself sends her message, we ought to acknowledge its compelling force. When the kiss of rain thrilled the heart of the surrounding trees, if we had still behaved with undue propriety and paid all our attention to mathematics it would have been positively wrong, impious.

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The seasons of the rains often brought us unexpected release from duty. Some voice suddenly would proclaim from the sky: 'To-day is your holiday!' We submitted gladly and would run wildly away. Such sympathy is so easily crushed by routine, which takes no count of Nature's claims, and does not keep open the path for this great world to find its place in the soul of man. I do not believe in such barbarity.

Our children began to be of service to our neighbors, to help them in various ways, and to be in constant touch with the life around them. They had their own freedom to grow, which is the greatest possible gift for the child life. There was also another kind of freedom at which we aimed, the freedom of sympathy with all humanity, a freedom from all racial and national prejudice.

The sympathies of children, like the undergrowths of a forest, are allowed to cling to the dust of the soil to which they belong and not to grow up to that height from which they can send their branches in all directions. Therefore their hearts remain stunted, incapable of understanding other people with different languages and customs. This causes us, when our growing souls demand it, to grope after each other in darkness, to hurt each other in ignorance, to suffer from the worst form of blindness of this age. The missionaries themselves have contributed to this evil. In the name of brotherhood and in the arrogance of their sectarian pride they create misunderstanding. This they make permanent in their textbooks and poison the minds of children. The worst of fetters come when children lose their freedom of sympathy.

I have tried to save children from such vicious methods of alienating their minds, which are fostered through books, through histories, geographies, and lessons full of national prejudices. I have done it with the help of friends from the West. In the East there is a great deal of bitter resentment against Western races, which rankles in our hearts, and in our own homes we are brought up in feelings of hatred. I have tried to save the children from that; and these friends from the West, with their understanding, with their human sympathy and love, have done us a great service.

We are building up our institution upon the ideal of the spiritual unity of all races. I want to build it with the help of all other races, and when I was on the continent of Europe I appealed to those great countries, to their scholars, and I was fortunate enough to receive their help. They also came to this institution, which is poor in material things, leaving their own centres of learning, and spent a year or more with us, helping to build it up.

I have in mind not merely a university, — that is only one of the aspects of our Visva-Bharati, — but I hope this is going to be a great meeting-place for individuals from all countries who believe in our spiritual unity and who have suffered from the lack of it, who want to make atonement and come into human touch with their neighbors. Such idealists there are, and when I traveled in the West, even in out-of-the-way places, many unknown persons of no special reputation wanted to join this work.

When the races come together, as they have done in the present age, it should not be merely the gathering of a crowd. There must be some bond of relation; otherwise they will knock against one another.

Our education must enable every child to grasp and to fulfill this purpose of the age, not to defeat it by acquiring the habit of creating divisions, and of cherishing national prejudices. There

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are of course natural differences in human races, which should be preserved and respected, and the mission of our education should be to realize our unity in spite of them, to discover truth through the wilderness of their contradictions.

This we have tried to do in Visva-Bharati. Our endeavor has been to include this ideal of unity in all the activities in our institution, some educational, some that comprise different kinds of artistic expression, some in the shape of service to our neighbors by way of helping the reconstruction of village life. As I wanted this institution to be inter-racial, I invited there great minds from the West. They cordially responded, and some have come permanently to join hands with us and build a place where men of all nations and countries may find their true home, without molestation from the prosperous, who are always afraid of idealism, or from the politically powerful, who are always suspicious of men who have the freedom of the spirit.

MODERN TOILERS OF THE SEA[1]

BY EGON ERWIN KISCH

THURSDAY, May 7, north of the East Frisian Islands, 53° 55′ north latitude, 7° 30′ east longitude. Weather stormy, strength of wind 9, motion of the sea 6 to 7. Our cutter ploughs through restless waves, but the sails are filled and we can make good speed. It is noon when the net, or 'Kurra,' is lashed to the two floating spars and put over the starboard side. The floats on their two wire cables, eighty fathoms long, shoot out in our wake — each in an opposite direction, on account of their different angles — like children's kites cutting through the air. But at a distance of 104 feet they no longer swing apart. The ground rope links them, and now the net is stretched. Hitherto the ship has been running full speed ahead, but now the motor slows down for the first time, till the net is under, for otherwise it would be pulled above the fish that keep close to the bottom of the sea. The fishing-ball is hoisted to the mizzen mast — not a ball at all, but a kind of basket — so that other ships, as they approach us, may understand that we can manœuvre only with difficulty. For three hours we drag behind us a trap thirty metres broad, and whose end is 142 metres astern of our craft.

It is three o'clock in the afternoon when we haul in the net. The motor-winch is got ready. Its brakes are loosened. The ship's engine is thrown into ventral, and the tackle sets to work. Now the winch is hooked on and the cables unrolled. When the floats are once more on deck, all hands set to hauling the net over the side until the pocket is within reach. Two hooks swinging by ten-metre lines from the two masts are hooked into it. The motor-winch swings it in over the railing. The gigantic bag of dripping network sways uncannily overhead, hanging from the two hooks high above the

[1] From the *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *June 25*

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deck. From its meshes protrude the heads of fishes, gills open, mouths agape, eyes staring, fins flapping, the claws of crabs thrust out, the arms of starfish, mussels, tag ends of rope, the necks of bottles, bones, seaweed, and countless other things, organic and inorganic. The captives struggle despairingly in a vain endeavor to push their way through — not always in vain, either, but then they merely flop down on the deck amid the dripping water, swaying, shivering, struggling. The net is hoisted aloft — an inorganic thing, yet full of organic creatures; lifeless, and yet a mass of life, with its thousandfold individual flapping of gills, beating of fins, and clenching of claws; only a bag after all, and yet a bag with living eyes and terrified open mouths on every side. One of the fishermen, ducking under this shower bath, tugs at the slipknot that opens the bottom of the net. The gates of the inferno are opened and the fallen ones rush downward.

Soles, as if they knew that they were the prey we specially seek, press their heads in despair against the deck so that one cannot lift them, the rest of the body being so slimy that it slips from the hands. Crabs, without releasing their own prey, defend themselves with their nippers or stab with their claws, hiding their hindmost feet by which you can pick them up safely. The turbot and the plaice strike with quite respectable force at the hand that tries to gather them up and throw them into the crate. Gurnard make straight for the opening of the drain in the bulwark — how do they know that is the way to freedom? Cormorants, shellfish, and smelt flop and jump; sea-urchins, squids, deadhead mussels, jellyfish, sea-anemones, sea-roses, sponges, sea-spiders, sea-mice, worthless crabs called 'Klaus Tedels,' and all kinds of weeds and vermin from the sea, make haste to get away from the uncanny light of the sun and nearness of man.

Traces of humanity from the sea bottom are amazingly numerous. Big chunks of coal, cans, some of them full and many of them empty, a bag of corn, bones, wooden clogs, a battered woven basket, beer bottles, a sailor's cap, a sou'wester, wireless antennæ, a silk scarf, and a bucket come into our marine lost-and-found bureau with the first haul. The remains of a deck chair lie among the fishes, the wood rotten, the cloth gone, and the places where the iron attachments had been recognizable by rust and by metal screws that remain undamaged, gleaming like gold.

On the voyage we also pulled in a landing-platform, a wooden ship's-ladder, and a polo ball. Presently we greeted a bottle of French cognac, still in its packing and corked, a sign from some bathing-establishment, still with its inscription, 'Bathing-suits 10 Pfennigs, towels 5 Pfennigs.' The spirits of the fishermen were much affected when they took in part of a fishing-net in their own fishing-net, an iron-bound boom with six metres of linen rhombs. One crab was holding a crumpled piece of newspaper in his left claw, which he gave up only under compulsion. It was Portuguese. A two-pound sole had a black button of hard rubber fastened to him, bearing the date May 1, 1913, and showing that he came from Poseidon, the biological-experiment ship investigating the growth and ages of fish. We shall turn him in at Hamburg, at the State Fish Commission, and receive three marks plus the price of the fish. An American flag lay in the net, tattered and torn, but still with at least twenty stars and a scanty ten stripes. On a factory-made rubber sponge sat a natural sea-sponge. On most of these relics of humanity mussels, starfish, and sea-roses had made themselves at home.

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A lady's little patent-leather shoe was similarly decorated, a bit of silk stocking of the same color still in it, and the shoe went from hand to hand with the joke, 'Too bad there is n't a lady in it'— until somebody happened to tug at the stocking and a foot appeared, at least for an instant, before the ghastly thing was cast back whence it had come.

The fourth night out, however, we hauled up something worse. The moon was gleaming, and the water stretched and tossed far off in those dull colors that we see in the daytime only if the water is poured off the radiator or if the motor stops. Now, however, great plains of silver and mother-of-pearl stretched out as a background, in front of which the giant net was hauled up for the eighth time that day, swinging impatiently above us impatient men, in order to bring the player on the stage for the last act. A mighty tug opened it and — a man fell out! A naked man, with horrible gleaming lights on a body of poisonous green, incredibly swollen. The thing sank to its knees on the deck and, striking its forehead against the lifeboat, elbows pressed tightly against hips, remained in that position. Seized with a senseless cowardice, every one of us sprang toward the hatch leading to our quarters, tumbling down the companionway, beneath which we wanted to conceal ourselves one after another, without a single oath. The first to swear was Klaas, the helmsman, who climbed up again, the rest of us trailing after with chattering teeth. The cabin boy folded his hands as soon as they were free of the companionway, and in this position began to stammer '. . . on earth as it is in Heaven . . . forgive us our trespasses . . .'

They made a slipknot and tried to throw it around the corpse's neck like a lasso, but it would not work. The dead guest held his motionless forehead against the ropes of the lifeboat so tightly that there was no room for another rope to slip between. The gigantic Klaas went up, slipped a rope around the breast of the kneeling dead man, and tightened up the knot. Now the captain took the line for the first time. It was fastened to the two hooks, the motor went to work, the cranes swung around with their horribly swaying burden hanging there in the uncanny light of the moon. As the knot was opened, the sailors, pale and silent, made the sign of a cross. Only the cabin boy was still stammering 'Thy kingdom come . . .' We took our shovels, and everything that had been in the net — fat turbot, magnificent plaice, huge crabs — went flying overboard to freedom. Then we cleaned the bag; but our voyage lasted ten days more without the exchange of a single word about this dreadful haul.

Only on the fourteenth day, when the net came out of the water in a rather queer way, one of the second-class seamen asked whether it had not better be opened outboard. He gave utterance to the idea that was in all our minds, — that there was another corpse in the net, — and wanted to avoid the task of throwing it overboard. We looked penetratingly at the net, and saw that the great white body was alive. Had we a living man in the net this time? No, it was a shark. We should not have to open outboard. They brought the *Strops*, a kind of lasso, and a wooden club, while the rest of us stood round with boat hooks, ready for action. The sailor whose business it was to loosen the slipknot of the net never jumped aside so fast as this time. The fish came shooting out, and Master Shark came down with a crash that made the boat shake. Twice it struck out with its tail fin so that the plaice and turbot went flying overboard. Finally the helmsmen man-

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aged to get the noose of a rope pushed forward on a spar over its head. Two men laid hold of it, and the shark lay helpless in our midst. No, not quite helpless; its mighty tail-fin drummed violently on the deck. A whack on the skull was its finish. It lay there stunned. A hard thrust on the under fin, and the blood came spurting out — the tail vein had been cut. In two minutes it was dead, a colossus of a hundred and fifty pounds.

We opened the body. The liver filled two big water-pails. In the stomach was a great mass of shellfish, catfish, and fish of other kinds, half-digested and many of them uninjured. There was also a cluster of eggs, the largest as big as a hen's, the smallest scarcely visible to the unaided eye, and two unborn young, scarcely fourteen days before birth. We put the fat into tubs and boiled it and the liver down to fish oil. The meat we put on ice. It would be worth fifteen marks from the fish merchant, who would sell it as 'boneless sea-eel in jelly,' or as 'fish steaks.' The job took two hours.

We had been swinging back and forth to the north of Wangeroog, Spikeroog, Langeoog, and Baltrum for the last fourteen days, running fourteen knots northwest, hoisting the net, turning around, moving ten knots southeast, hoisting the net, turning around day and night, with the motor never still, with the watchman calling every three hours to the three sleepers in the cabin, who jumped up, hoisted the net, went through the catch, sorted the fish, cleaned them, turned the boat, and started off six knots northwest, six knots northeast. Sometimes the waves were calm; sometimes the billows seemed ready to sink us; sometimes the moon would appear, sometimes only the high seas. Then the jib boom would whirl like a madman, mast and tackle would groan until the line broke and swung free from the mainsail, now uncannily here, then suddenly appearing somewhere else. Wind and sea seemed like one, and woe to the man who asked which way we were going: 'You blockhead! Are you so used to go back and forth over the same place a hundred times upon a street car that you don't know where you're at? Don't you see Helgoland Light to starboard, the three fixed lights of the lightship astern, and Norderney Light to port?'

A good many Dutch steamers from Ymuiden and Zuider Zee crossed our path, and Danish motor-boats with the Dannebrog fluttering, bringing plaice to Hamburg to spoil our prices. 'Look, there's the Jonas Heinrich pulling in her net already!' Tungenknieper comes up from astern, built of iron, with a hundred-horsepower motor, and a crew of six on board, and yet unable to make as much profit as our old boat.

So far we have used 220 marks' worth of gasoline. A trip like the present one brings in about 800 marks a fortnight if the catch and the market are both good. How much of this remains? Three hundred marks go for oil and ice. A sailor gets ten per cent — that is fifty marks; the cabin boy five per cent. Food costs eighty marks. The man who helps us land the fish off St. Paul gets something, too. We pay a thousand marks a year for insurance. Each of the owners then gets about a hundred and fifty marks for fourteen days of work, night and day, and the whole risk. And how many of them never come back from sea!

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THE LIGHT-FINGERED PHILANTHROPIST[1]

A STORY WITH NO MORAL WHATEVER

BY OTTO RUNG

PETER KOPP was standing on the platform of the little country station. His modest baggage was in a new valise of Russia leather. He was wearing a light-gray summer suit, which was carefully pressed, even if in front it was a little bleached from having stood so long in the tailor's shop window, where it had constituted the sole wardrobe of a wax dummy with hectic cheeks and a curly moustache. Peter Kopp had fallen in love with that suit while he was on his daily stroll through the streets. He always had an eye to the tailor's dummies in the window, — they had exactly his own perfect figure, — and one Sunday evening he took possession of the aforesaid light-gray suit with the aid of a universal steel drill which just at present was lying wrapped in a pair of extra flannel trousers in his valise.

The adventures of Peter Kopp have been written before. He was a free and careless soul, with the instincts of a gentleman, who traveled about Europe a great deal, but he was not, like so many of his profession, an international rogue of the Monte Carlo type, with a diamond stickpin and white spats. He preferred as a rule the idyllic life of his own country, free of compulsion and free of pretensions — not least because of the terrific penalties a man might incur in foreign lands if he tried to do his buying when no one was at home.

Peter Kopp was on his way back after a long business trip, and although he had acted everywhere with the greatest discretion, he never felt quite sure that he would be free from official attentions. Upon occasions before this there had been a deputation waiting his arrival at the principal railway station.

Just now a couple of months' retirement best suited his natural modesty, and at the same time a little rest and recreation was advisable after his exhausting professional labors and the constant necessity of being up at night.

Peter Kopp had never visited the little fishing village before, and he had pictured in his mind's eye an old hotel with a shadowy garden, with perhaps a few Jews or pawnbrokers, some fish merchants, and some well-to-do traveling men in manufactured goods or the seed business. Instead of which he found a fashionable summering-place with sand dunes and a row of new country villas stretching along the narrow beach up to the lighthouse, with elaborate gardens and pretentious façades turned toward the sea. Kopp saw at once that the hotel prices here would be very much like the penal sentences abroad — even though he had managed to make some slight increase in his scanty capital during his journey on the little branch railway.

It happened thus. He had found himself in company with three honest rascals on their way to the annual fair in a provincial city, who tried to play the

[1] From *Uhu* (Berlin popular current-topics monthly), *June*

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four-card trick. They offered to bet Kopp — who habitually put on a somewhat simple expression when traveling, in order to avoid the attention of the criminal police — five hundred marks that he could not guess the card which they placed on the edge of a trunk set in the middle of the railway compartment.

As Kopp expected, they let him win on the first six cards; and as the train stopped about that time, Kopp got out with a polite 'Excuse me one moment,' and also with several hundred marks' winnings in his pockets — though not nearly enough to pay a modern hotel bill.

The tickets were being checked on a railway platform by a young lady, which cheered Kopp's soul — he never did like to see men wearing official caps. The place seemed quiet and peaceful, and he decided to look for some private dwelling. Holiday-makers were sitting on the hotel terrace, enjoying the view, and it was quite possible that he might have police acquaintances among them, since the penal courts were not sitting. He took a discreet bypath from the station to the part of the town where the villas stood. They were built on a bare stretch of turf above the beach, and had nothing but unpretentious gardens without the shade that trees would have given. Elegant young ladies were playing croquet on the shaven lawns. One villa alone had a thickly grown and flourishing garden, and seemed to be the father of all the rest, lying inside a tremendous park with big flower-beds and fruit orchards. All this Peter Kopp beheld from a little lookout tower on a hill, since the park itself was surrounded with such high walls and so much barbed wire that the house resembled a castle. All the windows were tightly closed with iron shutters. It was quite obvious that no one was at home.

Now Peter Kopp could never stand the sight of fastened shutters. Something tingled under his finger-nails, and he could feel his fingers getting longer. The steel drill in his handbag began to rattle. He turned out of the chief street into a sideway which led past the villa. Splinters of glass had been scattered over the road, evidently to stop automobiles, and a signpost said: 'Private road. No trespassing. Police take notice.' The façade of the garden was armed with bristling spikes against the peaceful passer-by. Kopp readily perceived the need of caution. He leaned a tree-trunk against the garden wall and climbed over — not without solicitude for his light-gray summer trousers. Getting down was easier. A trellis of apricots had been trained along the wall. The house struck Kopp as very well suited for a summer residence, and the windows were all covered with shutters — which could not but be pleasing to a man of Kopp's modest and retiring habits.

There could be no doubt that the owner, whoever he might be, was of very much the same nature. Above the chief entrance stood the name of the villa. It was called 'Get Out.' The name did not discourage Kopp. On the contrary, it allured him. He was fond of comparing himself to a hermit crab who uses somebody else's shell for lodging, and he had his jimmy ready in his pocket. He refrained, however, from beginning work on the angle of the door. From a householder with such a nature as this one any kind of devilish defenses on the inside might be expected. It was quite impossible to reach the window, but as it was already getting dusk, and the villa was closely concealed by its fir trees, Kopp patronized the fire escape and ascended to the roof. Not without a certain beating of the heart, he broke open a skylight.

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The stairways on the inside were covered with thick soft carpets. It was exceedingly comfortable. Kopp investigated the outside door and the vestibule. Just as he had expected, there were wires leading to a burglar alarm. Out came his drill. But Kopp hesitated. He knew that from such a proprietor as this one might expect the very worst. He was quite right. Next the door leading to the master's room there was a chest of cigars with a slot in it. Behind the slot he could see the barrel of a revolver whose trigger was connected with the lock of the door by a wire. Kopp put the murderous automatic out of commission, and then walked circumspectly into the big study. There stood a comfortable armchair, a smoking-table, and some beautiful Renaissance cupboards. Kopp, who felt quite at home in this elaborate bourgeois dwelling, was soon better acquainted with their contents. He had lighted nothing but the lamp on the writing-desk, and now went through the whole correspondence in the table and its drawers — not from curiosity, but because he wanted to know how matters stood.

There lay a heap of travel advertising and time-tables. A memorandum in the wastebasket contained the news that tickets ordered for the cruise of the luxurious steamer Atlas to the North Cape and return would soon be sent. The time-table contained the information that this extremely desirable cruise in the Land of the Midnight Sun would begin on July 6, — that was a week ago, — and after a wonderful voyage of four weeks through the Norwegian islands would end on August 3.

'That gives me three weeks for my summer holiday,' thought Kopp to himself. He lighted a cigar; one of his own, since the proprietor's were not exactly at his disposal, and the Renaissance cupboards would require investigation before opening — from behind, of course, out of respect to the wood-carving, since Kopp always remembered the owner's feelings. But there was nothing to prevent his using the absent proprietor's ash tray. That gentleman, it appeared, was named Herr Miese, and was given the title of Herr Kommerzienrat on the address of his envelopes. In the writing-desk there was a great number of real-estate deeds, including most of the seaside locations about the place. But there was no cash. He must have taken it along to the North Cape.

Kopp had brought with him a package of sandwiches purchased at a way station, and he consumed this modest repast together with a glass of water from the kitchen sink — the wine cellar was protected with three iron bars that would necessitate a strenuous hour with the steel drill. Then he stretched out on the bed — probably that of the Kommerzienrat himself, whose luxurious mattresses showed that he had no desire himself to experience the hardships he was so ready to inflict on others. Kopp slept sweetly until the daylight came peeping through the cracks in the black-iron shutters, and the steel drill had to go to work again in order to provide him with fresh air.

It was a beautiful summer morning. The air had a sharp tang, like fresh buttermilk. From the flower-beds in the garden came the sweet fragrance of the roses. Over the lavender hedges the bumblebees were humming and the butterflies were fluttering. Kopp opened the veranda door cautiously with the aid of a jimmy, since the key was lacking, and went out into the garden to commune with nature. But he kept a sharp eye where he was going, and presently discovered that alarm wires ran through the flourishing strawberry

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beds, and that at the entrance to the bed of peas there was a fox trap. This must unquestionably be an extremely cautious proprietor.

Kopp knew that he was quite secure so far as the servants were concerned, for all the wardrobes in their quarters were entirely empty. Quite clearly, the proprietor made a practice of discharging all his people before he went on his travels, partly to save their wages, partly to keep them from stealing fruit while he was away. In all probability the Kommerzienrat would enjoy hotel fare upon his return until he had hired new people. The only human being Kopp had to fear until August 3 would be a gardener, and this possibility would require serious consideration.

Peter Kopp proceeded cautiously to a porch which was closed in on both sides and opened out toward the sea. He breathed the fresh sea air and watched the light playing on the waves. Along the whole sweep of the big park lay a beautiful sand-beach. Kopp felt a great desire for a dip, if it were only possible.

Suddenly a little smooth-haired dog with a bright-red leash came climbing up the steep bank, looked about him in a friendly way, and sat down. Kopp paid no attention to the dog. He had already had unpleasant adventures with his like on various visits that he had paid out of visiting-hours. But this particular dog seemed to be peacefully disposed. Quite probably he belonged about the place just as little as Peter Kopp himself.

Suddenly a shrill whistling came from the sea below. There was a little bright-red spot, which Kopp saw was a young lady up to her knees in water, at least forty yards from the beach. She stood there hanging on to a craggy rock, blowing a silver whistle and calling 'Fido!' Then, making a megaphone of her hands, she shrieked: —

'If you do anything to my dog I'll send for the police!'

But the dog only jumped up on Kopp's lap and made himself at home. The young lady screamed: —

'Give me my dog! How dare you!'

Peter Kopp, who made a practice of always being polite to young ladies, took the dog in his arms and clambered down the thirty steps of the declivity to the shore.

'If you please,' said he, and held the dog out toward her. 'But since you can go through the water and I can't, you'll have to come get him yourself.'

The lady came nearer. She was a plump, freckled young person of comfortable aspect, with a milky-white place on her sun-browned neck where the hair had been cut short not long before.

'Oh,' she said, wading nearer, 'I thought you were the Kommerzienrat.'

'The Kommerzienrat is at the North Cape,' said Peter unabashed. 'Would you come a little nearer?'

The young lady looked him over.

'I suppose you're a relative?'

Kopp felt himself justified in replying, 'A nephew,' in order to account for his sudden appearance, and he assumed a slight English accent which he had acquired during his stay in the Klondike.

'I suppose you are living here while the Kommerzienrat is traveling?'

Kopp admitted that this was so. The young lady stuck out her tongue whenever she said 'Kommerzienrat.'

'Everybody around here hates your uncle,' she said, and looked spitefully at the nephew's face. 'And I would n't mind a bit telling him so to his face,' she added. Without further urging she confided that her name was Olga. 'Everybody knows me around here, but of course that can't be expected from you, since you have just come from abroad. I live over there, in that villa with the sign which says "Freiheit."

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Your uncle sold it to us five years ago. He stuck us pretty badly. He ran up the price on all the land around here, though it's nothing but sand, and took all the trees for his own park, and also the fruit garden ever since the lighthouse inspector left here. I would n't like to be the nephew of your uncle. But then you've been living abroad, and so you have been spared.'

'Yes, indeed,' agreed Kopp.

The young lady threw back her shock of bobbed hair and tugged at her stockings.

'He is the tyrant of the whole neighborhood. In the old days, when the lighthouse inspector lived here, the park and the orchards were open for everybody. The fishermen had a path through the garden, and everybody's carriage could take a short cut through the side road where your uncle has scattered glass. See how I have to wade over around the sand bank?' All the freckles disappeared, her face grew so red with anger. 'That's because the Kommerzienrat has enclosed his beach with barbed wire running sixty feet into the water. There used to be free passage here and a promenade for everybody every evening. And this is the only sandy beach for bathing, too! Nowadays all the people in the village have to bathe on pebbles. We have to wade halfway across the ocean to afternoon tea at the hotel — but then, I suppose, you're no better than your uncle.'

'Oh, yes, I am,' said Kopp with conviction.

'Oh, you are? Then perhaps I can bring my family for a walk in your park about two o'clock? There are six of us — sisters, all very much alike, but so far as looks are concerned everybody says I am the prettiest.'

'You'll be very welcome,' said Kopp, and blushed, 'but my housekeeping, unfortunately, is rather —'

'Oh, we'll bring a tea basket with us,' said the young lady, 'and cakes and whipped cream. Come, Fido!'

Kopp went meditatively out on to the byway in front of the park wall and began to gather up the glass. He looked a long time at the 'No thoroughfare' sign, and then kicked it into the ditch — he had a professional dislike for any limitation upon freedom.

Nothing had ever annoyed him quite so much as the time when he had lost his own freedom for two years through a little misfortune some time before, while staying in the country. Consequently he opened up all the shutters in order to make the house look hospitable. Then he visited the merchant who supplied the villas, and laid in a supply of edibles for the chafing dish which he had discovered in the kitchen. The storekeeper gave him a friendly reception and showed no surprise. Olga must surely have paid him a visit.

So far everything was in order. The only thing that troubled Kopp was the reflection that the Kommerzienrat's reputation affected him, as that gentleman's nephew. With its barbed wire keeping out the neighbors, the house looked like some uncanny robber knight's castle. The rooms were all comfortable, but most of them were veiled in dust covers, and the owner seemed to use only two or three. He took good care of himself, surly and peevish old fellow, with a whole drug store full of medicines on every mantelpiece. The journey to the North Cape, according to the correspondence in the writing-desk, was simply one more quest for health. A life-size portrait showed him with bristling hair and bright-red, gouty-looking nose like a boar's, looking very much as though he himself were surrounded with barbed wire. Kopp was very well satisfied in his rooms, which were perfectly magnificent for anyone who wanted to live

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to the full. But fly-specked mosquito-netting was round the chandeliers, and outside the ripe strawberries were falling, untouched, to earth, with no one to enjoy them. Kopp reflected on the happiness that was being ruined here by the bitter heart of the owner. It would certainly be a good thing for the veiled furniture to get a breath of fresh sea air. All the windows ought to be standing wide open.

After a modest breakfast he went out to a shed where he had seen paint-brushes. That evening the automobiles found a big new sign at the point where the private road branched off, with an arrow and the inscription: 'Short cut for motor-cars. You save twelve minutes.' Moreover, the little iron gate in the garden wall was open, and on the lid of a packing-case, painted with tar, was the inscription, 'Pathway for fishermen with carts,' and the name of the villa over the gable had been altered to a hospitable 'Come In.'

Olga came at five o'clock. She came with five sisters, all plump and all with reddish bobbed hair. They had brought cavaliers along, wearing baggy plus fours, wrapped leggings, and round horn-rimmed glasses. Kopp too had put on horn-rimmed glasses, but his glance was gay and gleamed in a friendly way behind the dark rims. He had donned a pair of white-flannel trousers, and as a matter of principle he always wore light shoes with rubber soles. The upper part of his body was covered with a pongee shirt which he had borrowed from the Kommerzienrat's dresser. He offered the ladies perfumed cigarettes of his own providing, and the gentlemen cigars from the Kommerzienrat's chest. A couple of other ladies had come along, among them a pair of black-haired twins, and soon Kopp had a twin on each arm and Olga in front of him.

'If you had not been so nice to my dog,' said she, 'you would never have made my acquaintance, with an uncle like that, who puts barbed wire around the only bathing-beach in the whole neighborhood.'

Kopp got up from the grass.

'One moment, ladies.' He brought his traveling-bag and went down the thirty steps along the cliff. They all followed him eagerly.

'I declare this bathing-beach open for general use,' said Kopp, as he took out his nippers and cut through the nearest strand of the wire. It rolled up like a rattlesnake.

'You 've done that before,' said Olga admiringly. 'You must have been in the war.'

Kopp admitted as much, and cut another strand. Bits of wire were flying around their ears. He let them understand that he had been with the Canadian troops in France, which accounted for his English accent.

'I have cut a good deal of barbed wire in my life,' he said, 'with these very nippers. We used this kind at the front before an attack.'

Twang! The barbed wire whizzed past the ladies' ears. The tall gentlemen in the baggy trousers gathered up the wire, carried it away, and tore down the posts. The beach was open.

'Too bad my uncle is n't here,' said Kopp. 'This would teach him a lesson. Won't you have some strawberries, ladies?'

'Oh, please,' said Olga hungrily. 'This is the only piece of ground where fruit can grow. The rest of us have only sand and horsehair oats.'

'Everybody in the place is welcome to my strawberries,' said Kopp with a princely gesture. 'Do be so kind as to spread the news. In a couple of days the cherries will be ripe. Everybody is welcome — everybody. I 'll leave the garden gate open. I have always disliked seeing things enclosed and shut

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up behind locked bars.' He sighed in painful recollection.

'Yes,' said Olga, 'I understand what you mean. All your loneliness at the front. And no doubt you have been a prisoner?'

'Yes,' said Kopp, 'for eight months; but only once. I never suffered so in my life.'

They could not persuade him to tell them anything more. It was easy to see that the recollection was painful.

'Oh, that is where you learn to love freedom,' he said, 'and to open doors for everybody. Let 's take the netting off the chandeliers.'

Next morning a gay crowd of bathers spread out along the broad stretch of beach under the cliff. Peter Kopp ran down to the sand between Olga and one of the twins. He was wearing a striped bathing-suit and his horn-shell glasses. On Sunday farmers' wagons came from distant villages with boys and girls who wanted to walk in the park as they had when the old light-house-inspector owned the property, before the Kommerzienrat came with his barbed wire. Kopp stood on the veranda and made them welcome. Everyone looked upon him as a benefactor of the neighborhood — at least temporarily. Explaining things to the uncle when that gentleman should return from the North Cape was his own affair. Whereupon everybody went to the cherry trees. The birds sat in the other trees and looked on indignantly. They came no longer to the cherry trees as they had in the weeks before. There was always a pretty girl sitting on a bough and throwing down cherries to a dozen others. Every evening Kopp went up to sleep soundly and with a good conscience in the Kommerzienrat's heavenly eiderdown bed.

As he had told people that he was a really artistic painter, he stretched some linen on the window frame and began painting with two brushes which he had found in the shed — using oxide of lead and Berlin blue — a sunset on the sea, with a good many diagonal stripes. Olga, who also painted, said that this was quite the most modern thing in painting, and she urged her aunt — the poor lady was shortsighted — to buy Kopp's picture for a hundred and ten marks.

Kopp had never enjoyed himself so much. He saw that he spread happiness wherever he went. Thanks to his activity, this disagreeable castle had become the paradise of the vicinity. Young girls came out of his garden loaded down with flowers from the beds and trellises. Children came from his fruit trees with bulging pockets and much fruit within. Picnickers lolled upon his carefully mowed lawns, and he was the only cavalier at tea with a party of sweet young girls in the beach pavilion, where they fed him with marmalade and cake. There was one rare but very pleasant occasion on the porch when Olga was gracious and not so quick as she might have been in withdrawing her lips. The sun shone by day, the nightingale sang in the clear nights, and the waves broke against the beach. The weeks sped by. Kopp kept an eye on the shipping news in the morning papers. Now the Kommerzienrat was in Tromsö, now he was on the way to Bergen, now he was in the rough seas among the Norwegian islands. Kopp besought Heaven to be merciful to his acid disposition.

Every second day a gardener came, but he likewise took Kopp for granted. For this the Kommerzienrat might thank his own surly, hard-hearted seclusion. From a closed bag you can expect anything. Besides which, the gardener enjoyed his daily cigar from the Kommerzienrat's Renaissance chest. He was a member of the committee for the annual celebration of the fishermen,

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and he did not like the place that had been selected up above, where they dry the fish nets, where last year a gust of wind had torn down the tent, so that the bright clothes and the bobbed hair of the peasant girls had been blown about.

'Well, look here,' said Kopp, stretching out his hand, 'I'll be glad to give you the park. We'll hang Chinese lanterns around and put up a pavilion in the middle of the lawn. What's the date?'

The gardener, in the name of the committee, expressed his thanks.

'The date is August 3,' he said.

'August 3, eh?' Kopp reflected for an instant. It was, as a matter of fact, the last day.

He himself took part in organizing a committee for the holiday-makers. They too should enjoy themselves on the third of August — the very last day. The mere thought of leaving made him melancholy. He thought of all that he had done for the neighborhood, and to think that it was not long now before he would have to go! Once again he would have to go out into the hard, inhospitable world where no longer sweet and friendly eyes would look laughingly toward him, but where there would be only the gleam of cold police buttons! Instead of the eiderdown of the Kommerzienrat's bed, he would have to stay awake nights. In his thoughts he said farewell to the house, the garden, and the park. The roses had come redder since he came. The singing of the nightingale was more jubilant and happier, and the waves splashed when the girls bathed so that it was a joy merely to hear them.

Kopp took out his drill and opened the Kommerzienrat's wine cellar. He placed at the disposal of the ladies' committee forty bottles of red wine and sixteen bottles of Swedish punch. All the furniture from the Kommerzienrat's big dining-room, which had been cloth-covered and shut up for a year at least, was carried out. Talc was strewn on the dancing-floor, and a platform was built for the hotel orchestra out of empty wine cases. Garlands were hung everywhere, and booths for innocent flirtation by Chinese-lantern light were built in the corners, while every glass the house possessed, from Bohemian crystal to mugs for toothbrushes, was mobilized.

But as the clear summer evening came on and the hundreds of lanterns in the garden began to twinkle, Peter Kopp packed his drill in his flannel trousers and put on his traveling-clothes. He went out of the house by the back way, along the path he had opened for the fishermen, and let himself out by the little garden gate. He stopped for a moment on the road and listened to the noise of the celebration, the hammering banjo of the jazz orchestra and the bray of the saxophone, the cries and laughter of happy girls, the rattle of the glasses, the trill of the violin, the *boom-boom-boom* of the trombone, which rang out from the tent on the lawn. From the garden paths came a gentle rustling, and from the shadow of a hedge came a dear and familiar laugh that was answered by the nightingale's song.

With sad and regretful determination Peter Kopp strode down the road, where forty carriages from the neighboring villages stood in a row. At the crossroads was his sign inviting everyone to use the road. Involuntarily he took off his hat to that. It was his farewell to the world to which he had given freedom and joy and which now he must leave. Once more he listened to the distant music. He still felt in his body the rhythm of the last one-step.

He reached the station just as his train rolled in. Another train from the opposite direction rolled in from the

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capital at the same time. There was only one traveler — a little man with sour eyes, a bright-red gouty nose, and hair that bristled like a hedgehog. The Kommerzienrat stood on the railway platform and bullied the porter, who was not being quick enough with his baggage. His northern journey had clearly done him no good. Kopp passed close to him. A breeze from the sea brought a couple measures of the tango with it. Saxophone and banjo were playing. The Kommerzienrat wrinkled his face angrily at the sound and told the porter to get a move on him.

'Bring the things to my house. I'm going on ahead. I'm cold and tired, and I want to go to bed.'

He sneezed. Peter Kopp lifted a polite finger to the brim of his cap.

'Prosit!' said he. Then he climbed into his train.

AFTER MAN-EATERS IN SOMALILAND[1]

BY MAJOR B. R. M. GLOSSOP

Ali Borali always reminded me of a gorilla. Perhaps I should have mentally compared him to Tarzan had that celebrity been invented in those days. Up to the waist he was the ordinary lithe, active Somali, but from the waist upward he seemed to get bigger and bigger; a huge chest was surmounted by a bull neck which in turn supported an enormous head, while his muscular arms were of a quite disproportionate length. He had a habit of throwing his head back, distending his nostrils, and speaking with a deep booming voice, while to add to his gorillalike appearance he would emphasize his remarks when laboring under emotion, which was frequently his condition, by thumping his great chest with his fists.

Borali was a man of repute in the land of the Somali. Numerous stories of his feats of strength and daring in encounters both with men and wild beasts were related, are doubtless related still, with additions — the reputation of a Samson or a Gideon when handed down by word of mouth is no likely to diminish thereby.

In many respects the Somali in those days were strongly reminiscent of the Israelitish tribes in the days of the Judges, living as they did a nomadic existence with their flocks and herds, perpetually subject to raids from their powerful neighbors the Abyssinians, always ready to retaliate when the opportunity occurred, and filling in the odd time by raiding each other or the more distant Ogaden or Dolbahanta tribes. Each tribe moved perpetually in its own orbit, generally following the rains for the grazing of their stock, and were under a patriarch or tribal leader chosen frequently for his personal prowess or gift of command. The purely intertribal warfare consisted as a rule of bloodless camel-lifting. The young men of the Habr Unis would raid the camels of the Habr Awal, choosing carefully a time when they knew the Habr Awal were away looting the White Esa, and so on.

It was more like a great game, and it was the exception for any casualties

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to occur. Should this happen, however, the matter was frequently referred to the British representative at Berbera, whose verdict, generally a fine of so many camels, was held to be final by both parties.

Ali Borali did not suffer from undue modesty; his stories always began with 'I, Ali Borali.' But what was perhaps his greatest feat was related to me not by himself, and I have reason to know it was strictly true. A raiding band of Dolbahanta came down on his tribe one day when the men were away transacting similar business of their own elsewhere. They drove off numerous camels; but camels are slow travelers, and ere they were clear of the territory of their victims pursuit was hot on their heels. Anything in the nature of a stand-up fight being no part of the programme, the Dolbahanta abandoned their haul and rode for their lives. Borali, however, had recognized the son of their chief among them, fairly rode him down, and, getting alongside, dragged him out of his saddle and, holding him across his pony's withers, rode home with him. He then held him for ransom, and actually obtained for his release the same number of camels that they had tried but failed to loot.

Libbah, the lion, helps to make many reputations in Somali. So long as he will leave the *karias* (native encampments) alone, the men are quite ready to leave him alone. But lions, especially when aging and unable to catch game with ease, are apt to begin preying on straying or sick camels. This leads to frequent raids on the stock. Then a herder disappears, and it becomes only a question of time when shrieks on a dark night proclaim that the lion has forced a zareba (stockade) to satisfy his taste for human blood.

Victims will now be taken regularly, and as long as the man-killer lives no one knows when his turn will come. The men at this stage band together to track the lion to his lair in daytime. Once found, they mob him, galloping round in circles, shouting, hurling spears, till they get him dazed and confused, when a picked man, choosing his moment, rushes in like a toreador to administer the coup de grâce.

Borali both by his own and by other people's accounts was a 'spot man' at this game, and many were the stories he related to me over camp fires. I think, though, that none of them showed his complete contempt of danger when dealing with the great cats more than the following, which was related to me personally by an officer of the Aden garrison who was hunting with Borali at the time.

Borali was out one morning early looking for spoor. He was accompanied by one other Somali, and was armed with a spear only. Rounding a clump of bush, they came full on a large maned lion *who was on his kill.* The Somalis stood their ground; the lion roared and made several short rushes toward them. Now every animal is supposed to turn tail when a lion makes his rush, and the fact that any should not do so, practically always, in the case of an unwounded beast, puzzles him and apparently makes him suspicious of danger. In this case the lion came to a stand some twenty yards from Borali and remained there snarling and lashing his tail. The other Somali was a few yards behind. Borali called to him to move off slowly and as soon as he was out of sight of the beast to make what speed he could to camp and tell the white man that 'I, Ali Borali' was holding a lion at bay for him.

Nearly an hour had elapsed before the officer reached the scene. Borali and the lion were still facing each other, and he got an easy shot and a fine trophy. The tracks, always so easily

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discerned in the Somali sand, told the whole story. The lion had tried walking round the hunter, but he had always presented a full front to him; then the lion had tired of it and started to walk off, whereupon Borali at once followed, bringing the beast round to face him again. How long this game of bluff could have continued it is impossible to surmise, but it was a wonderful feat of coolness and pluck.

Borali had once visited England. True, it was only as a stoker on a tramp ship, and he had penetrated no farther than the Liverpool docks, but I'm sure it provided material for many camp-fire stories beginning 'I, Ali Borali' and dealing with the manner in which he was received at the court of the Great White Queen. Possibly this yarn would receive more credence than the unvarnished truth, it being impossible to conceive any greater extremes of difference than that between Somali and the Mersey. Somali, that land of great rolling table-lands covered with game, where you may travel hundreds of miles without seeing any habitation other than the temporary erections of some small nomadic tribe, that land marked by the extraordinarily clear atmosphere, the absence of any cultivation or industry, while the few men you may see camped near a water hole are mostly lying on their backs in the sun crooning songs in praise of their fat camels or the beauties of their wives, who, by the way, are generally busy herding the aforesaid camels — the Mersey, foggy, busy, clanging, a hive of industry; Liverpool with its crowded streets, tramcars, traffic, and bustle; all would be utterly impossible for a Somali to visualize.

Even Borali had not grasped much of the complexities of civilization, if one may judge by a question he put to me one day — not in an inquisitive way, but simply following a train of thought: 'How many wive you got?' and on my having to own to having none at all: 'Who look after your camels when you in Somali?'

Anyway, his travels had given Borali a fair smattering of English, which added greatly to his usefulness as a hunter and head man of a caravan. I picked him up at Aden, where he had been delivering some sheep that he had brought down-country from his tribe and had shipped across the Gulf. Apparently he looked on a hunting-trip as a little holiday before his return to his people. 'You hunt with me and I, Ali Borali, show you everything animal in Somali,' was his greeting when I first saw him.

Lions were the first and foremost object of the trip, and we had some rather remarkable sport with them. We headed straight over the Goli Mountains, only stopping to shoot a buck or two for meat and to make sure that everything, including my eye, was in working order. I was at first depressed to find I was missing easy shots, but Borali by way of being consoling remarked, 'Never mind, buck run away, but Libbah (lion) run to you.' A little practice at an ant hill showed that in the rarefied atmosphere of the highlands I was underestimating all my distances.

We began with a rather regrettable incident. Our first news of lions was the report of a troop 'not too much far away.' I absolve Borali; I think the fault lay in my overkeenness and my failing to realize the vagueness of the native in judging distances. We should have moved camp to their vicinity and left them undisturbed till we had a whole day in which to tackle them. Instead, we started on receipt of the news, about 2.30 P.M., struck the fresh tracks of five lions at 3.30, but they were on the move, and it was a quarter to six before we sighted one. Mean-

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while the country had changed, the open plain had become interspersed with heavy clumps of bush, and the light was none too good, when I saw a great gaunt yellow form cross a glade from one bush to another just in front. There was more delay before I could get a shot, as the lion kept bounding out of the bush with snarling roars, only to pop in again before I could get my sights on him. At last I got my chance, and killed him with a raking shot. Then there was his head and skin to be taken off if they were to be saved from the scavengers of the night, and when this was accomplished it was nearly dark, and at least four lions were moving in the bushes all round us.

We had one more attempt, trying to turn another out of a bush, but there had been recent rain and the fire refused to get started. Borali, with a spear in one hand and a box of matches in the other, squatted down and raked sticks together within a few feet of a furious, snarling lion with the utmost unconcern. I covered him with my rifle as soon as I saw what he was doing, but he was quite unconcerned whether I did or not.

It was nearly dark by now, and after all we had to give it up and start home. We lost our way, took 'tosses' in ant-bear holes, and did not arrive till after midnight; but we had one fine lion to console us, and that was all we got out of that troop, as next morning we found the other lions had dragged the carcass into the bushes, eaten every morsel, and then cleared right out of the country; and though we spoored them for many miles, we saw them no more. Rather unusual, as one would expect them to lie up near by after a heavy meal. How far can they have realized that the locality was unhealthy for them? It also solved a question that has often been debated: Are lions cannibals? There was no doubt from the tracks that they and no lesser fry had finished off their lamented brother.

Our next venture was more successful. Getting news one morning at 7 A.M. of another troop of three lions which had been roaring overnight near a native karia, we rode off at once, and just four hours after I was eating a late breakfast in camp, having secured the lot. Borali was at my elbow throughout with a spare rifle. His instructions were very strict never to use this rifle except in the greatest emergency, and it showed some pluck and restraint that he evidently did not consider any emergency had arisen when a lioness charged through a bush and was only dropped five and a half yards from us. He never moved, but stood holding the rifle ready to my hand.

A picture that has focused itself on my mind is my first sight of this troop. We could see from far off where they had killed during the night; the spot was marked by wheeling vultures overhead, and the fact that they did not come down showed that the lions were still on their kill. We made a very cautious approach, and suddenly in a glade there they were. It was only a flash; they saw me *almost* as I saw them; but for the moment I had seen a troop of lions undisturbed on their kill, and I shall never lose that picture. A lioness was standing with one forepaw on the body of a big Oryx bull, the other forepaw was descending with sledge-hammer blows on the carcass, each blow being followed by the ripping, rending sound of the claws driven well home and tearing the skin off in strips, the while the lioness snarled round fiercely at her mates. These, a lion and another lioness, were pulling off chunks of meat and grunting horribly; they were barely full grown and, I imagine, the cubs of the first lioness and still 'under instruction' as to how to dismember a kill. Being

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full fed they did not go far — in fact, one was killed almost on the kill, and the others came to bay in turn after a short pursuit. Luckily there was no combination against me.

On this and subsequent occasions on the death of a lion our return to camp was a ceremony. Borali, who when actual business was on hand betrayed little of the Somali excitability, would go temporarily mad. Draping himself in the lion's skin with the grim head hanging over his shoulder and clasped in one arm, he would gallop his pony in circles, singing the song of the lion, a peculiar chant reserved for these occasions. As soon as they heard this song in the distance all the men in camp would hastily mount a pony, donkey, camel, anything that was handy, and come to meet us in a whirling cloud of sand, galloping, shouting, and singing their extemporary songs.

We eventually arrived in the land of the Ogaden Somalis. These were normally only on looting terms with my escort and camel-men, who were mostly drawn from the more Northern tribes. I had armed my escort from the Aden arsenal, which sufficed, happily, to keep the peace; but it was as well that the Ogaden had not seen my fruitless attempts to teach the aforesaid escort to hit a large biscuit-tin stuck on an ant hill at fifty yards' range. Borali, I recollect, was much tempted by the Ogaden camels. 'Look him fat,' he would exclaim and groan and shake his head. He was like a little dog in a butcher's shop.

We crossed the Toyo plains on our return journey. Heavy rains had fallen during our hunting in the South, and the plains were now covered with grass. From a distance they appeared like a great rolling lawn, but a closer approach revealed the fact that the herbage was very thin, though some inches high. A few weeks' hot sun and the plain would be once more a desert. The game, knowing somehow the time and place for high living, had arrived in myriads, and the scene resembled the well-known descriptions of the South African veldt in the days of Gordon Cumming, Oswald, Vardon, Cornwallis Harris, and others whose descriptions thrilled me in my youth. We did not, however, follow their ruthless methods; the great masses of buck made them so easy of approach that there could be no sport except in occasionally trying to cut out a very picked head. If a herd was alarmed it galloped at once into a second herd, when they would slow down; both herds would then trot a short way and be into yet a third herd, which would refuse to be flurried, and the whole crowd would settle down to graze again.

It was all very enjoyable, though, riding slowly about in the clear crisp mornings watching this teeming life. Occasionally a new kind of buck would be sighted or an exceptionally fine pair of horns. These would usually belong to a buck that had passed his prime of bodily powers, been driven out of a herd by a more vigorous rival, and thereby having lost his does, who do his scouting for him, he was sure to be soon pulled down by the carnivora who follow all African game from the moment they are born till age or infirmity causes the inevitable end. It is really an advantage to all parties that he should have a merciful bullet; his trophies should be preserved, and his meat should feed the camp rather than the hyenas. Borali, perhaps, thought sometimes that a fat young buck was preferable to long horns; but such fancies could not be gratified.

There were three ways of getting the buck one wanted. One was to cut him out on one's pony, but our animals were small and grass-fed and could not run to many long gallops; also the

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terrain was full of ant-bear holes and I was very much afraid of damaging my rifle in a fall. Another method was to sit in a tuft of grass ahead and downwind of a herd; by staying motionless they would graze up all round you. I once counted over two hundred hartebeests within fifty yards of me; but this was a tame affair except for purposes of observation or photography. Yet a third method that we usually adopted was an invention of Borali. A slight screen is effective or the reverse according to one's propinquity to it. Borali would hold a tuft of grass in front of us as we stalked on all fours. If the buck looked up we stopped and lay still; as soon as they resumed grazing we moved on again. It was extraordinary, when we saw so clearly, how they could not distinguish us.

It was about this time that we came across some more karias, and among them Borali's own establishment. His camels were being tended in his absence by his three wives, and I was taken over to be introduced. All three had been looted from some other tribe. He told me in their presence to which tribe each had originally belonged, and they smilingly nodded their heads, repeating the name of their tribe after him. They were apparently quite contented. Indeed it was quite the correct thing to be looted. It may be that the ladies used to sit about outside the karias looking for it, as they could only hope for a very unenterprising youth from their own people.

At this karia Borali produced a man who had been through an experience that I imagine must have been unique, for I have never heard or read of anything like it. He was traveling with eight companions; they camped for the night, and a small zareba (thorn fence) was erected to protect their stock. In the middle was the gypsy tent consisting of a few poles and the camel mats over them. As every bush in Somali is a thorn bush and every tree a thorn tree, it is a matter of great ease to make an almost impervious zareba in a very short time. But perhaps they were hindered by darkness; perhaps overconfident of not being in a lion country. Anyway, hardly were they asleep when a lion bounded in and, coming through the camels, seized the man by the arm and dragged him out through the fence into the black night.

No unusual occurrence so far, but here the remarkable part of the story comes in. The lion was alone and evidently not hungry — possibly a large, playful cub. He put the man down, walked a few yards away, and sat down to watch him. The man was hardly injured as yet, but hearing the lion purring and just seeing his great shape he lay motionless in terror. After awhile he essayed to crawl away. In a second the beast was alongside him and playfully patted him flat to earth again, retiring once more to lie down and watch him.

This happened again and again, the lion varying the performance by sometimes turning him over with his paw, sometimes picking him up in his jaws and giving him a slight shake. Watch a cat play with a mouse and you have an exact illustration of what was described to me, and for vivid description you cannot beat a Somali.

This continued for hours. The seven other Somalis were afraid to venture out in the darkness and had given up their comrade as dead, but with the light they sallied out with their spears, shouting and beating on anything that would make a noise. Their companion was lying close to the zareba, and a lion slowly rose from beside him, stretched himself, and with a yawn strolled off into the bushes.

I saw the man twelve months after his terrible night. He was covered with

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white, healed scars; no very serious injuries apparently, but he had a scared look about him still, and Borali said that for weeks after the adventure his eyes were staring out of his head and that he still trembled at the sound of hunting lions roaring at night. Poor fellow, in a country where it is almost the exception not to hear them I fear his slumbers must have been uneasy; but he evidently enjoyed being exhibited and the importance of being perhaps the only man who has ever been played with all night by a lion.

When within a few marches of the coast on our return journey, we halted for a day and had some sports for the escort and camel-men.

The prizes were mostly fat sheep that I had purchased from a karia for the purpose. There was also some cloth that was left over from the store I had taken for barter with the inland tribes, white and 'extra-superfine,' well adapted for making 'tobes,' the flowing garments in which the Somali loves to disport himself on great occasions and in which he somewhat resembles a full-dressed bishop.

The sports were a huge success, but the excitability of the Somali nearly led to an ugly fracas during the spear-throwing competition. He is just a merry child on most occasions, but at any moment liable to go off half-cock, see red, and become a devil. At such moments he needs careful handling. On this occasion some trivial argument sprang up and in a moment the cheerful shouting of those who were encouraging the competitors was changed to a babel of angry roars; one man was threatening another with his spear, and the rest were picking up their weapons prepared to take sides.

I had picked them originally from some five different tribes with the idea of preventing too much collusion against myself in case of any trouble. This, however, did not always lead to harmony among themselves, as the tribes are always very jealous of each other. The next tableau was the threatened man running for his life with the spear-man in pursuit and Ali Borali hot on the heels of the spear-man. This latter intervention gave pause to the rest, who held my long-armed hunter in great awe and respect. Another few seconds and the aggressor was in Borali's arms, the spear was wrenched from his hand and fell harmless to the ground; he himself appeared to turn a cart wheel in the air, his head and shoulders came to earth with a thud, and Borali dragged him back by the legs, amid shouts of delight from the audience. Harmony was restored as magically as it had been broken; in no time all, including the would-be murderer and his victim, were on the best of terms again.

I was really sorry to part with Ali Borali at Aden, whither he accompanied me from Berbera; he was such a cheerful companion under all circumstances, and no one could have managed my mixed crowd of escort, camel-men, and camp-followers better; he saved me endless trouble, and allowed me to devote all my time to the business in hand of hunting game. Not perhaps temperamentally suited to the complications of modern civilization, he was nevertheless cut out for a tribal leader.

It is unavoidable in the nature of things that after intimate association with native hunters, sometimes for months on end, at the end of the trip a veil descends and one never hears of them again. I did hear once more of Ali Borali. A few years after my hunting-trip I met an old friend in my club, the late Colonel Kenna, V. C., 21st Lancers, who had just returned from commanding some tribal horse in one of the expeditions in quest of the elusive Mullah. I asked him if he had ever

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come across my old hunter, and found he had known him well; he had actually been serving in the contingent commanded by Kenna.

Both 'Ali' and 'Borali' are fairly common names in Somali, but his description of him left no doubt of his identity — the bull neck, the roaring voice, the extraordinary arms.

Apparently on joining the levy Borali was so boastful of his own virtues that it was doubted if he really possessed them, but it was not long before he proved himself to be an invaluable scout and — I use his C. O.'s own words — 'a lion in a tight corner.' He was promoted a sergeant for gallantry in the field. The night before the last fight of this campaign, which temporarily broke the Mullah's power, Borali came up to Kenna tapping his rifle, and throwing his head back boomed out, 'You see this ruffle; I, Ali Borali, with this ruffle kill ninety-nine Somalis. To-morrow I kill one hundred.' It may be, and if I know him it probably was, that he carried out his boast, but 'I, Ali Borali' had hunted his last lion, raided his last camel, and fought his last fight; at the end of the day he was found dead of a spear-wound.

THE FIRST HARP-PLAYER

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*The Unknown Goddess*]

It will not matter,
Says the first harp-player,
What string I pluck, I
Shall not waken her.

For she is tired of music,
Since the gray musician
Played his cold rebec for her
As only he can.

Break, like spent bubbles,
My notes! Shatter and tumble!
She was light, she was swift, she was lovely,
And now she must crumble.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE MAGIC FIDDLE

THE story of an old violin is now agitating Belgrade. The violin used to belong, quite a few years ago, to a Gypsy in a Belgrade suburb, who charmed his hearers with wonderful music and achieved the reputation of great talent and skill. When he died, his family sold the instrument for a trifle to the owner of a restaurant, who intended it for his son; but since the son was still too small, the violin lay on top of a wardrobe, where it was found by a waiter, stolen, and sold in Zagreb to Julius Ritter, first violinist in a Gypsy band. Now it chanced that on a rainy night the famous violin-virtuoso, Francis Aranyi, sought shelter in the small restaurant where Julius Ritter played, and he was captivated by the tone of the instrument. He spoke of it to a rich friend of his, who without much ado bought the violin from Ritter for 200,000 dinar, and gave it to Aranyi.

Now Aranyi started out on a concert tour over Europe, and reaped countless laurels. His violin proved to be very precious, and it had a genuine Cremona stamp upon it. It was not long before the story of the violin became widely known, and every one of its former owners began to claim it back. All of them petitioned the courts, and a very complicated case arose. But since the succession of legal ownership had been interrupted when the waiter stole the instrument from the wardrobe-top of the restaurant-keeper, the court demanded that Aranyi present it to the authorities, which the artist promptly did. Shortly afterward the famous violinist Henri Marteau came to Belgrade. The judge who found himself the keeper of the famous violin showed it to Marteau — and received a startling verdict. M. Marteau said that the violin would be worth a fortune if it had not been recently covered with new varnish. The varnish had impaired the purity of the tone, and it cannot be removed without removing the old varnish under it, which would ruin the instrument. After this, some of the litigants dropped the suit, but others are to this day hanging on and very much worried as to what is false and what is true in the history of the marvelous fiddle, and how much they are likely to profit even if they win?

*

A PAGE FROM A GENIUS'S MANUSCRIPT

IT has always been a subject of impassioned debate, among the unfortunates who have to deal with such things, just how bad a manuscript can be. We have Ben Jonson's word for it that Shakespeare never blotted a line — which must have endeared him to his copyists and printers, no matter what the critical Ben thought of it. We have also Mr. Arnold Bennett's assertion that he never touches pen to paper until he has his subject so well thought out that all he need worry about is calligraphy. We know that Anatole France shamelessly seized scissors, paste, and pen and began the real revision when the proof-sheets arrived.

But the glory of writing very nearly the worst manuscript in literary history must certainly go to Dostoevskii. The great Russian seems to have had nearly as hard a time keeping his pen sedately at its own proper employment

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as the ordinary run of mortals experience when they sit down to express what they believe to be thoughts. One page, which has found its way from his family's possession into the Dostoevskii room in the Historical Museum at Moscow, shows a portrait sketch, a deft bit of Gothic architecture, and the name Rachel scrawled over and over again in Roman letters of copperplate perfection, contrasting oddly with the incredible badness of the Russian writing. With all this it is amazing that the novelist should find any room at all for his writing — but he did, and for innumerable corrections, interlineations, and marginal corrections as well.

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BEFRIENDING THE PLAYWRIGHT

THE modern English drama is fortunate in having such friends as the three London societies that devote their energies to plays which without them would probably never reach the stage. The Phœnix Society makes a specialty of the drama of an older day, occupying itself mainly with Elizabethan and Restoration revivals. The Stage Society, which discovered Mr. C. K. Munro, produces plays by living dramatists that are not likely to appeal to the commercial stage. The canny London managers keep an eye to their performances, however, and occasionally a Stage Society production goes to the commercial stage, the latest example of the process being Mr. Ashley Dukes's *The Man with a Load of Mischief*.

The third society, the Three Hundred Club, was founded only last year, but is already beginning to do good work. Its most recent production is *The Prisoners of War*, by Mr. J. R. Ackerley, a play which pictures the nervous tension of a Swiss internment camp for British officers. Years of idleness and introspection have reduced them to mere psychic wrecks exasperating each other over nothing and quarreling violently over trifles. As the play has all the earmarks of a personal document, the dramatist is presumably writing out of his own experience.

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'A STORY-TELLER'S STORY' IN LONDON

AMERICAN readers interested in the fortunes of Sherwood Anderson abroad will be struck by this comment of in *The Nation and the Athenæum:*—

Why *A Story-Teller's Story* should leave such a vivid impression on the mind it is hard to say. Mr. Anderson writes entirely without distinction — indeed, almost pedestrianly. His mind is neither profound, nor spacious, nor subtle; he has an eye neither for the picturesque nor for the comic. Yet he carries a certain weight. Perhaps it is because he is a man of quite unusual honesty; because, when he gives his attention to anything, he always asks, What is it to me? in a Middle-West Goethean way; because, when he is puzzled over anything, he immediately tells us he is puzzled, and, when he sees anything, tells us exactly what he sees. He seems to be that very rare thing, an unassuming writer with a great deal of character behind his lack of assumption. At any rate, *A Story-Teller's Story* impresses one as being one of the most illuminating and just books which have been written about modern America.

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THE RICHES ON THE BEACH

THE *Manchester Guardian* unfolds the secret of a new source of great wealth:

The statement that a beach-comber at Liverpool has made £9 in two days may amaze the uninitiated, but at many popular resorts and big ports there are men who make a bit simply from combing the beach. Whatever is lost upon the sands and much that goes into the sea are eventually brought back by the tide at some time; but the beach-comber must be quick, for the next wave may suck his find back to remain hid-

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A Page of Dostoevskii's Manuscript

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den for several tides or to be thrown up on another portion of the coast. All sorts of articles are found. Cigarette cases, rings, brooches, watches, purses, and coins all go to make up the treasure-trove of seaside beaches. At the ports much bulkier stuff is retrieved. Barrels of oil or beer, cases of copper or other metal, and piles of loose rope or canvas are among the crop, and these have usually a ready market. It is a skilled business too, this combing of the beaches, for not merely are a keen eye and quick grasp essential; to make the greatest profit a man must be familiar with the currents of the coast, and so be able to foretell which portion of the beach is likeliest to yield treasure at each season of the year.

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A ROMAN THEATRE IN SPAIN

At Mérida in Spain archæologists are at work repairing the old Roman theatre which has for centuries been neglected. The State is supplying the money, and the work is under the direction of two Spanish archæologists. Until very recently the stage was bare and all the columns lay where they had fallen, but the work has now gone so far that the theatre already begins to assume much of the aspect that it must have had in ancient days.

The city boasts other magnificent relics of Roman times, notably its two ruined aqueducts, an arch in honor of Trajan, an amphitheatre, Roman walls, a bridge, and two temples, one to Diana and the other to Mars. The latter is especially interesting, as its inscription, *Marti sacrum*, still remains, with another inscription below, which was added by a pious Spaniard in the seventeenth century: *Iam non Marti sed Jesu Cristo*. Inside there now stands a statue of the Virgin.

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THE HAPPY HIPPO

An unnamed explorer is quoted in the *Berliner Tageblatt* as speculating on the relative happiness of men and hippopotamuses. Other animals, it appears, have their troubles. 'Many a believer in the transmigration of souls might like to be a magnificent bird of paradise fluttering from twig to twig in the tropic heavens when he returns to earth. But oh, how soon he would find himself in somebody's roaster or adorning the Sunday-go-to-meeting hat of some fat provincial lady! The great wild beasts, though they live in glorious freedom, suffer. Lions, leopards, tigers, elephants, eagles, have a hard life and a constant search for food, and many of them are destined for the lead of the human — or inhuman — hunter's rifle. Let us say nothing of the slavery of domestic animals, which are eaten in return for their services to men. There is only one free and fortunate beast, whom man leaves in peace because his skin is useless, his flesh repulsive, and hunting him dangerous. That is the hippo. He can spend his life in philosophic calm, live it out to the end, and grow to be a couple centuries old — so at least learned men say.'

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

What I Have Seen and Heard, by J. G. Swift MacNeill. London: Arrowsmith, 1925. 18*s*.

WHATEVER British parliamentary life may have gained in dignity and decorum by the vanishing of the Irish Nationalist Party from its midst, it has unquestionably lost something of its fury and not a little of its wit. It is the recollections of the storm and sunshine of the days when the Nationalist battle was in full swing that gives chief interest to the recollections of Professor J. G. Swift MacNeill, for the veteran Dean of the Faculty of Law in the National University of Ireland, not content with teaching law and practising it, has also had a hand in making it; and now, his battles over and a fair proportion of them won, he sits down to write his recollections. That they are not of the stiff and pompous parliamentary sort we may gather from the opening paragraph of the *Manchester Guardian's* article: —

> In this charming book of reminiscences Mr. Swift MacNeill gives the world many good stories, but he takes one from it — or rather he recalls a spirited anecdote about himself only to add that it is n't true. There was something in it, but not so much as has been said. It has been stated — Mr. Swift MacNeill has seen it in print — that one night he accompanied a visitor to the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons; that the House was dull, and the lady, therefore, disappointed; that Mr. Swift MacNeill, taking her disappointment to heart, told her that if she would reserve her judgment of the spectacle for a quarter of an hour he would go downstairs and get himself 'suspended'; that he went, and that he did. It now appears that the affair has been magnified. The thing that happened was this. Mr. Swift MacNeill was showing to his visitor some of the celebrities of the House. Among these was Mr. W. H. Smith, the excellent, worthy man who for some years led the Tory Party in the House of Commons. Mr. Swift MacNeill told the lady that if she would give him a quarter of an hour he would go downstairs and show her why Mr. W. H. Smith was nicknamed 'Old Morality.' This was what he did — a very neat and dextrous bit of parliamentary mischief!

Professor MacNeill's parliamentary career was largely one of protest — as was very likely to be the way with Irish M.P.'s in the old days. He was much ridiculed and caricatured because he protested against the cession of Helgoland to Germany in 1890, one of the most fatal strategic blunders that Britian ever made. He agitated for years to have flogging abolished in the Royal Navy, winning his victory only in 1906, and it was he who established the principle that a Minister of the Crown could not at the same time be a director in a public company. To this record of combat add an Irish wit, and you have a book worth reading. Nor is it solely a parliamentary record.

The *Irish Statesman* says: —

> Those who have had the pleasure of meeting the author of this book know, not only that he is a man with something to say, but that, in addition, he knows how to say it. While autobiographies and memoirs of celebrities and nonentities were being turned out by the score each week, listeners to Professor MacNeill's brilliant and, apparently, inexhaustible series of anecdotes would wonder how the Professor escaped the publishers. He has been caught at last. That his book would be a success was of course inevitable. The volume before us has been received with a chorus of praise from its reviewers, political friends and foes alike.

Professor MacNeill remembers the regiments leaving King's Bridge Station to embark at Cork for the Crimean War

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— a war, he tells, which is not to him history but reality. From that time to this he has seen and heard much that is memorable. He saw the beginning of the movement which culminated in the Treaty of 1921, when, as a boy, fifty thousand men marched past him in Thomas Street — the funeral of Terence Bellew MacManus. He shows us Trinity College, Dublin, in the sixties, and Oxford also; for he migrated there owing to disagreement with his Trinity superiors. Liddell (of 'Liddell and Scott') was Dean of Christ Church, 'Lewis Carroll' was a dull and prosy mathematical tutor, and Dr. Pusey preached in the Cathedral.

In *The Nation and the Athenæum*, Augustine Birrell gives a balanced and not wholly favorable judgment: —

Many a grizzled old Parliament man, belonging to an age as bygone as the days of the Restoration, of Speaker Turner and Andrew Marvell, and whose memories of the green benches, the lobbies, and the secret hiding-places of St. Stephen's have grown as dim as his eyesight, will give a start when he suddenly comes across on the dust-cover of the above-named volume the spectacle, once so pleasantly familiar, of 'Swift' rising in his majesty from what in those days was the stormy quarter of the House with arm outstretched, and, under the transparent guise of seeking information, imparting it at every pore.

This book is not a history of the House of Commons since 1887, and we are glad it is not, for nothing can be pleasanter or less stale than the account of early days in Dublin and Trinity College, and of Irish judges and barristers, most of whom, it would appear, ended their days in the opposite political camp from which they emerged; but over such infirmities our author casts a friendly smile.

The oldest Irish judge he remembers, 'a mummified figure,' retaining his office of Lord Chief Justice in his ninetieth year, was Thomas Lefroy. This was in 1866. Is not this 'mummy' the gay 'Tom Lefroy' who so nearly carried off to Ireland no less a person than Jane Austen, who, if we read her letters aright, would have married him if he had asked her? It is terrible to think what risks literature has run! Had 'Tom Lefroy' and Jane Austen made a match of it in 1796 and gone to live in Ireland, what would have become of *Emma* or of us?

The parliamentary portion of this book is both entertaining and interesting, containing as it does some very curious stories indeed, which it would be a shame to tear from their context. The word-sketches of Mr. Gladstone and of other less famous parliamentary figures are unusually good and lifelike, and are even, if we may use so pompous a word, 'historically' valuable.

As for the jests, retorts, and witticisms with which — so at least the publishers assure us — the book is crammed, they are, as indeed is commonly the case with such compilations, most disappointing. Either these things were never funny or they do not bear transplanting. But as Mr. MacNeill is still able to regard them beneficently, we must accept them as gratifying evidence that he still retains, though deprived of his seat in the Imperial Parliament, his old vitality and his innocence unimpaired.

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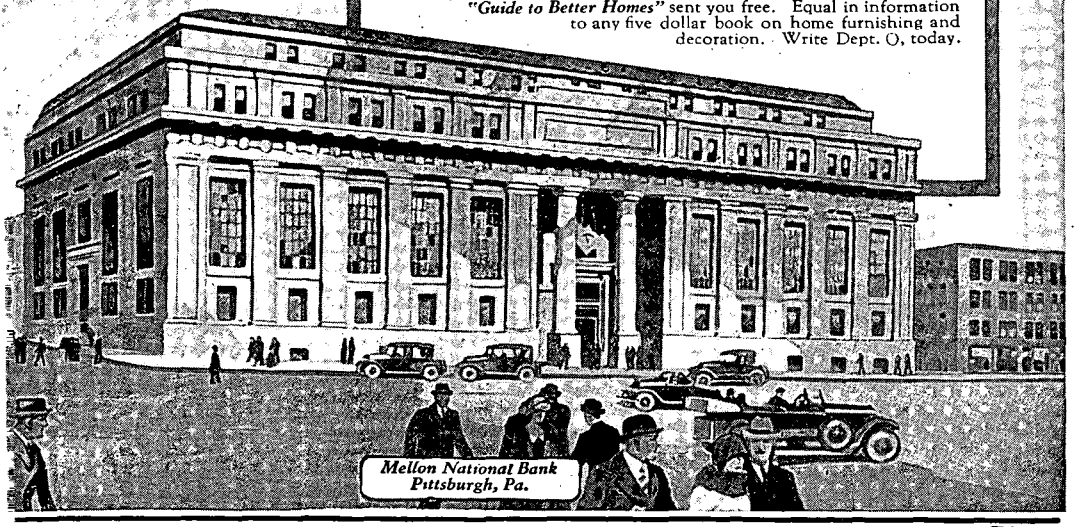

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"Charmed Beyond Measure"

THE opening words of a letter from the Vice-President of the Augusta, Georgia, Board of Commerce expresses the opinion of thousands of readers about "As I Like It" by William Lyon Phelps in Scribner's Magazine each month.

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The letter says: "Charmed beyond measure are the Augusta people with your article appearing under 'As I Like It' in the July number of Scribner's Magazine, so charmed, delighted, and appreciative are we, that this Board of Commerce wishes to ask your gracious permission to have this article reprinted as a leaflet."

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This letter is one of thousands that William Lyon Phelps receives from readers of Scribner's Magazine.

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One reason the people of Augusta liked his article is that he was talking about the people of Augusta.

One reason you will like "As I Like It" is that he talks about you.

* * *

One finds among his correspondents all sorts and conditions of people . . . an Ambassador to Mexico, a literary critic, the wife of a rancher, a Canadian archivist, a newspaper editor, an author, club women, people from all walks of life, people from far corners of the earth.

* * *

His comments on people and books, his reflections upon human nature, his anecdotes of famous people, his interest in his readers, stir corresponding interest in others.

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In the current number, for example, the genial Phelps talks of Kit Marlowe, of the theatrical season, of Sinclair Lewis, of baseball, of poetry, of new words, of prohibition, of Dickens, of Henry James, of Dean Inge, of youth and age, of hymn books, and other topics.

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In the October number he is at his best on Tennyson and Milton and the two friends whom they immortalized, from which he philosophizes upon sorrow and bereavement and their effect upon the human soul.

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He talks of William Graham Sumner, arch-foe of sentimentalism, of sensational fiction, of horn-rim spectacles, of many human and intimate subjects.

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Make William Lyon Phelps's acquaintance, and you will gain an interesting and brilliant friend. He is in Scribner's Magazine every month.

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